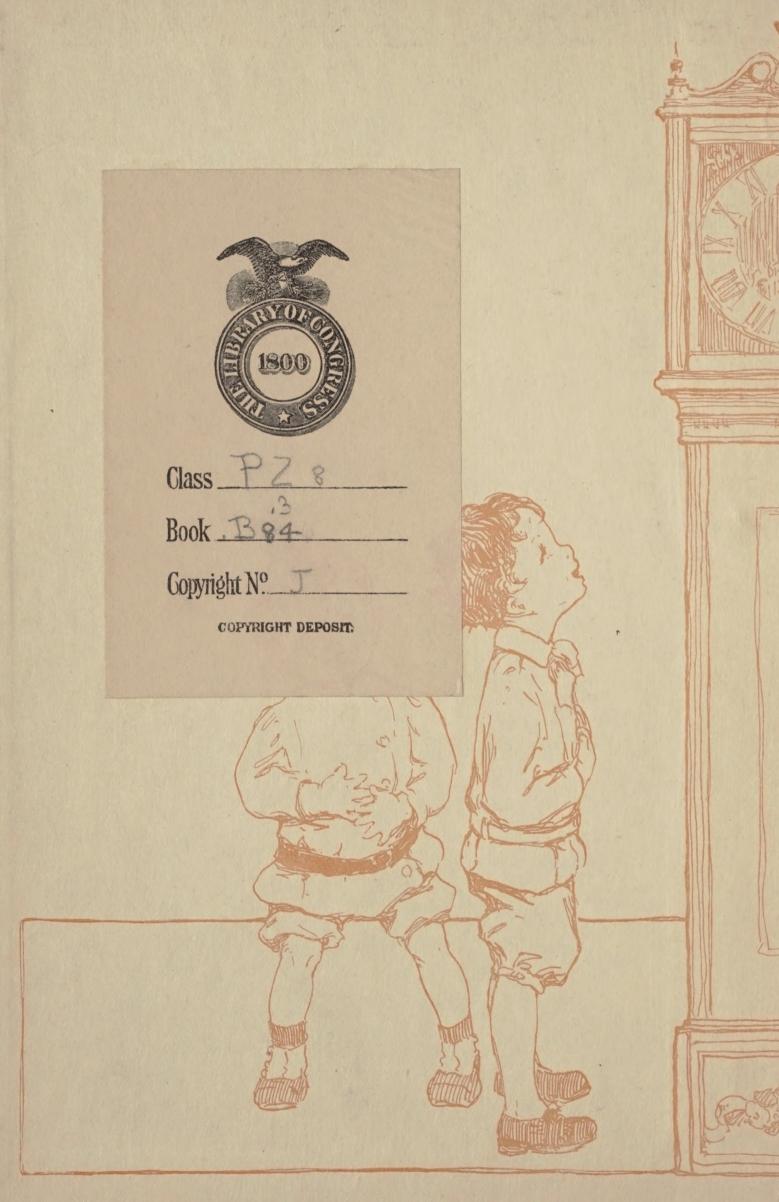
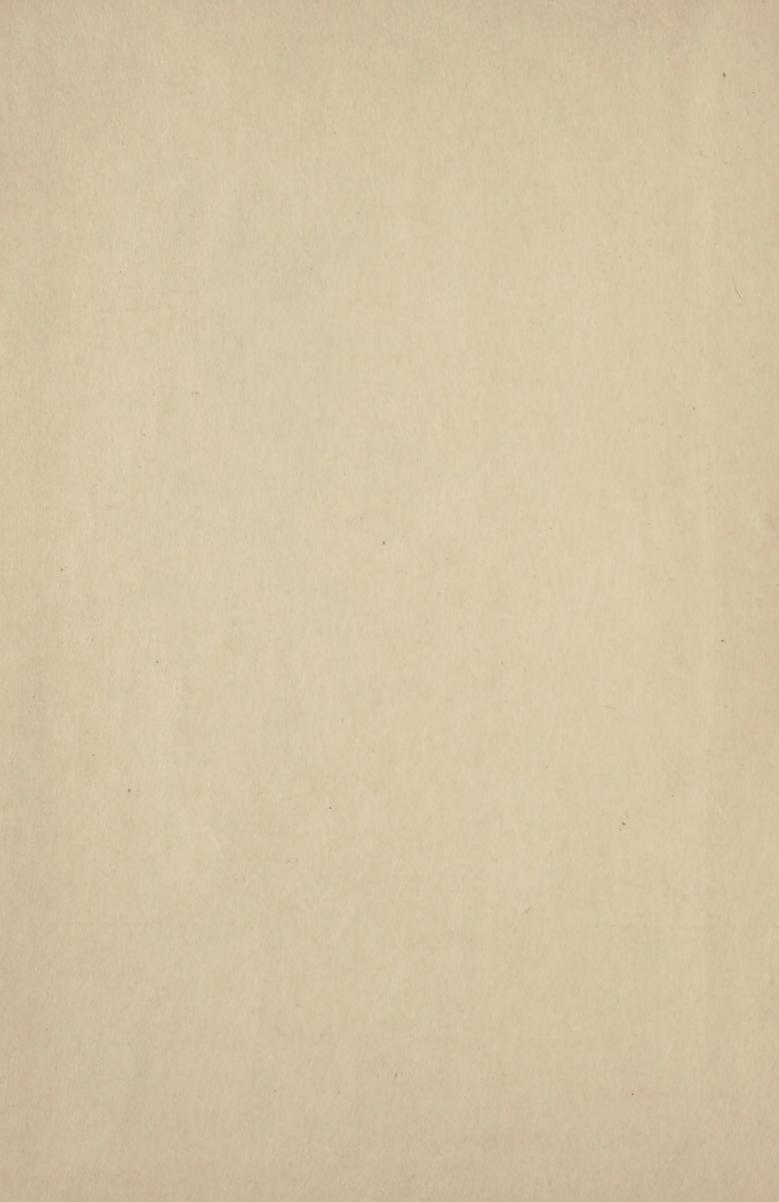
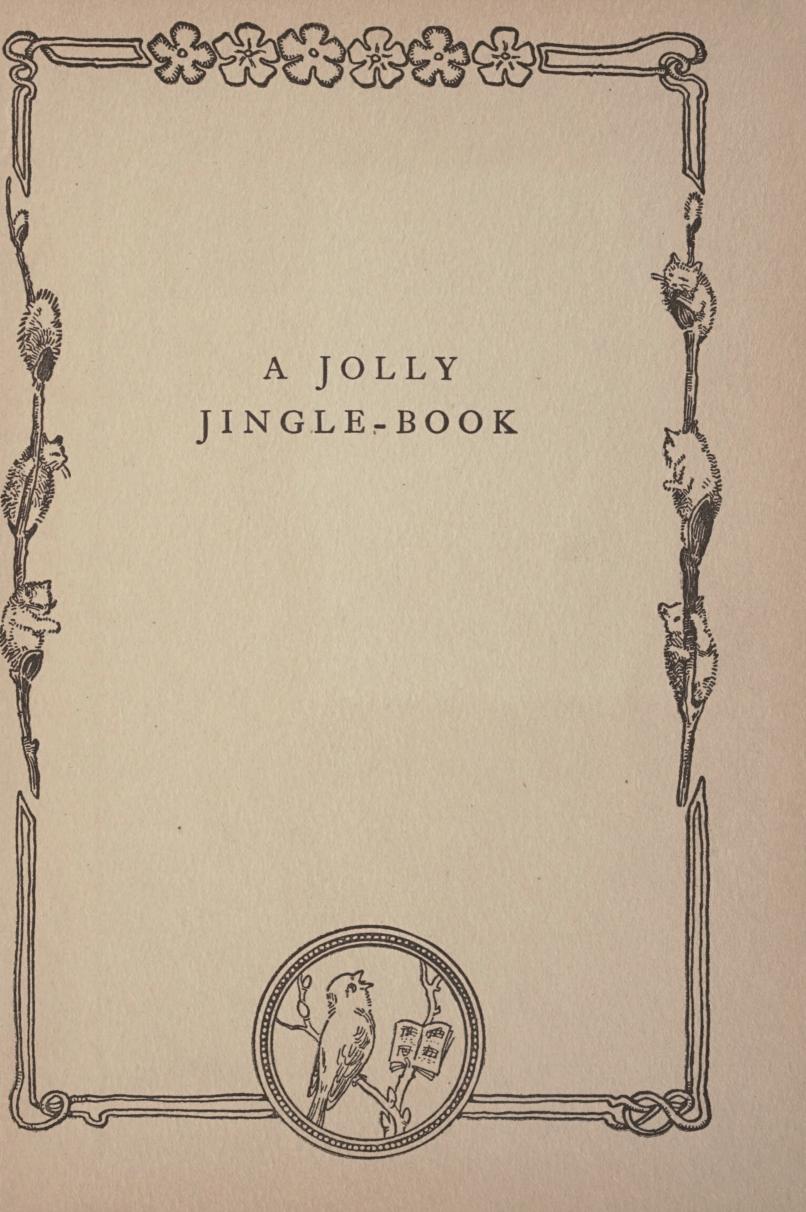


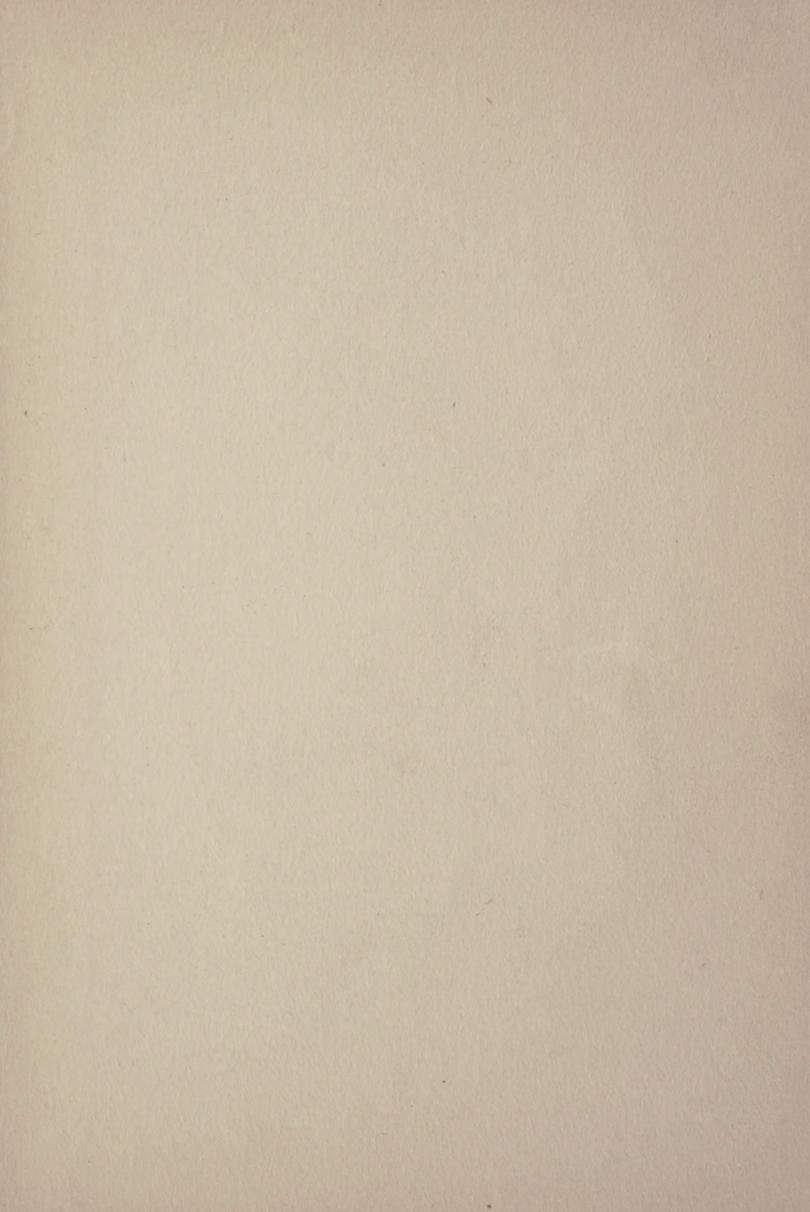
ANNA BURNHAN BRYANT





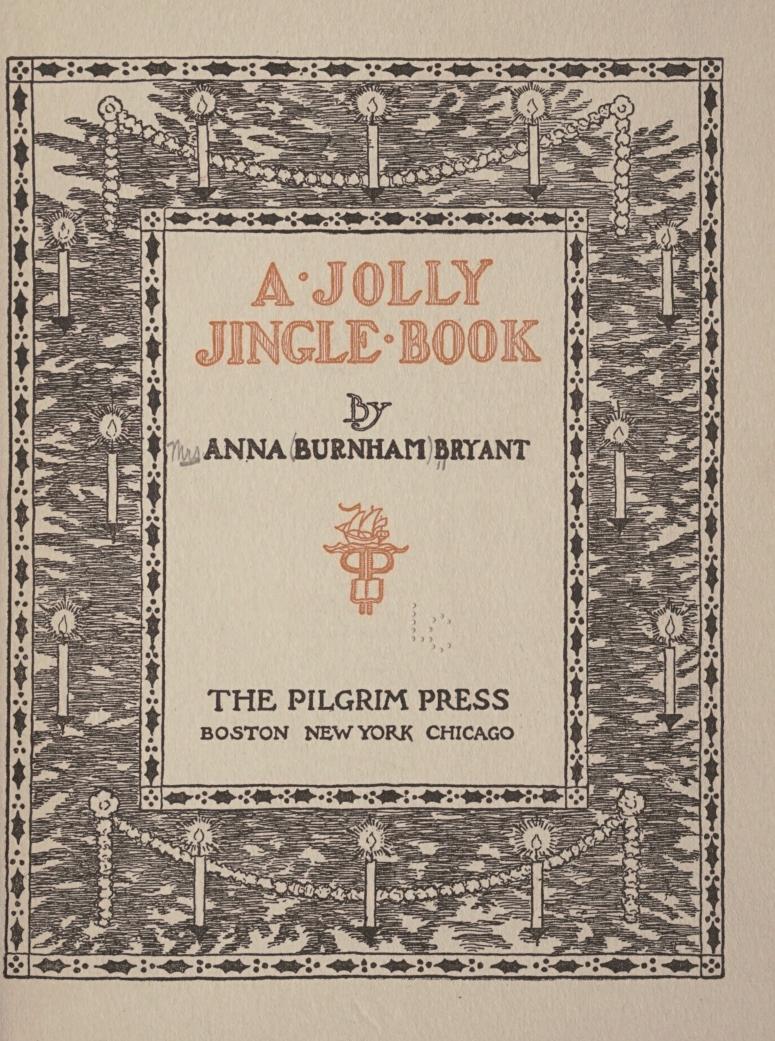


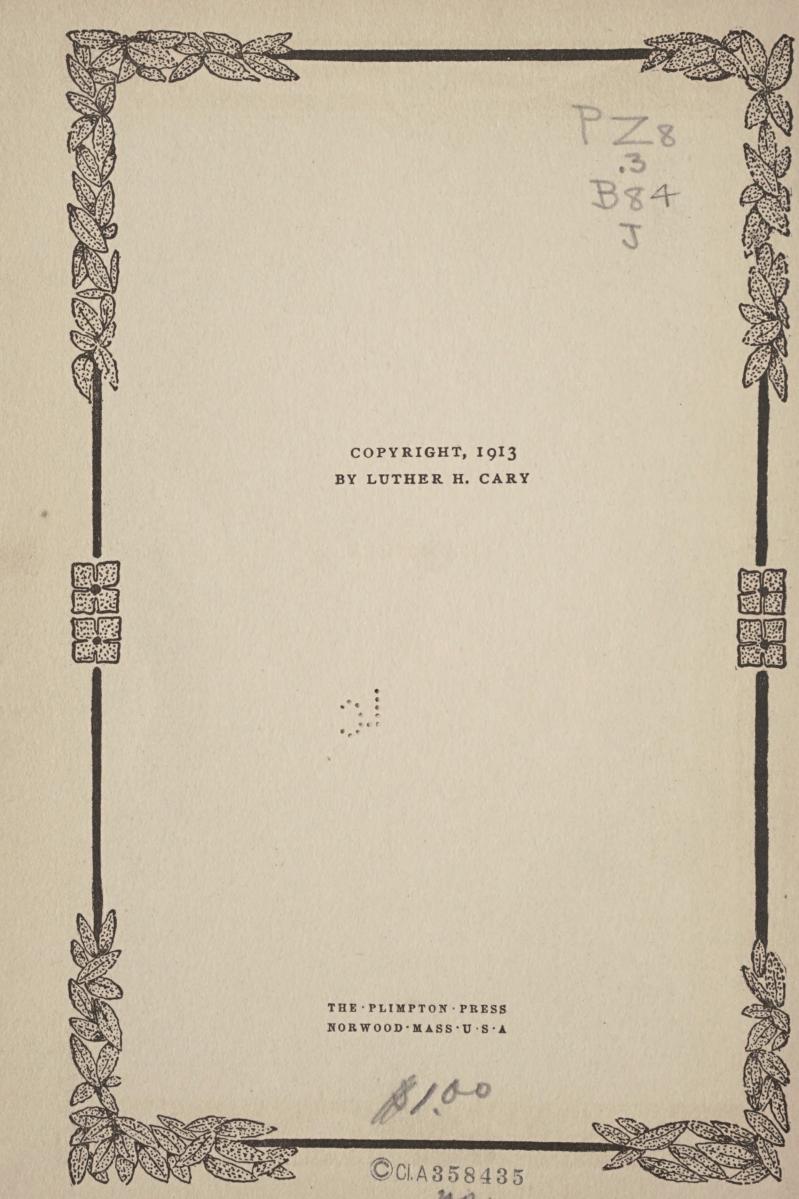


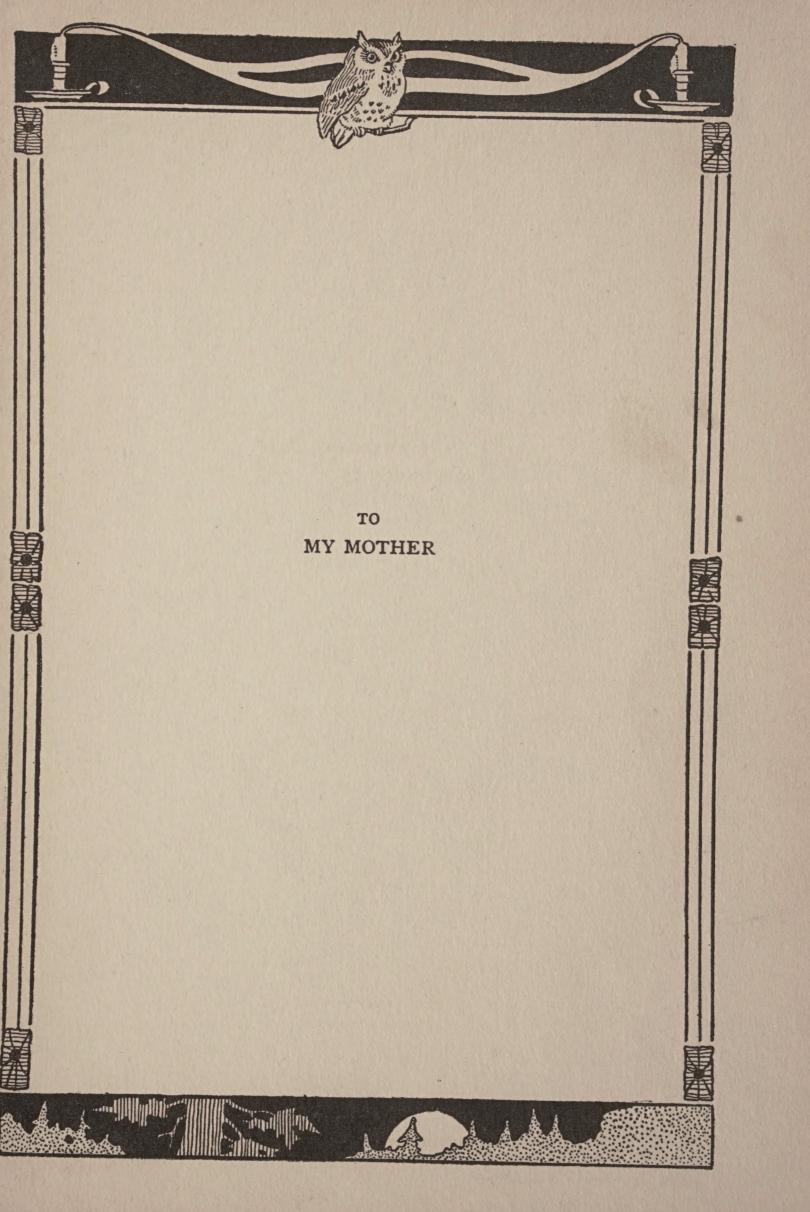




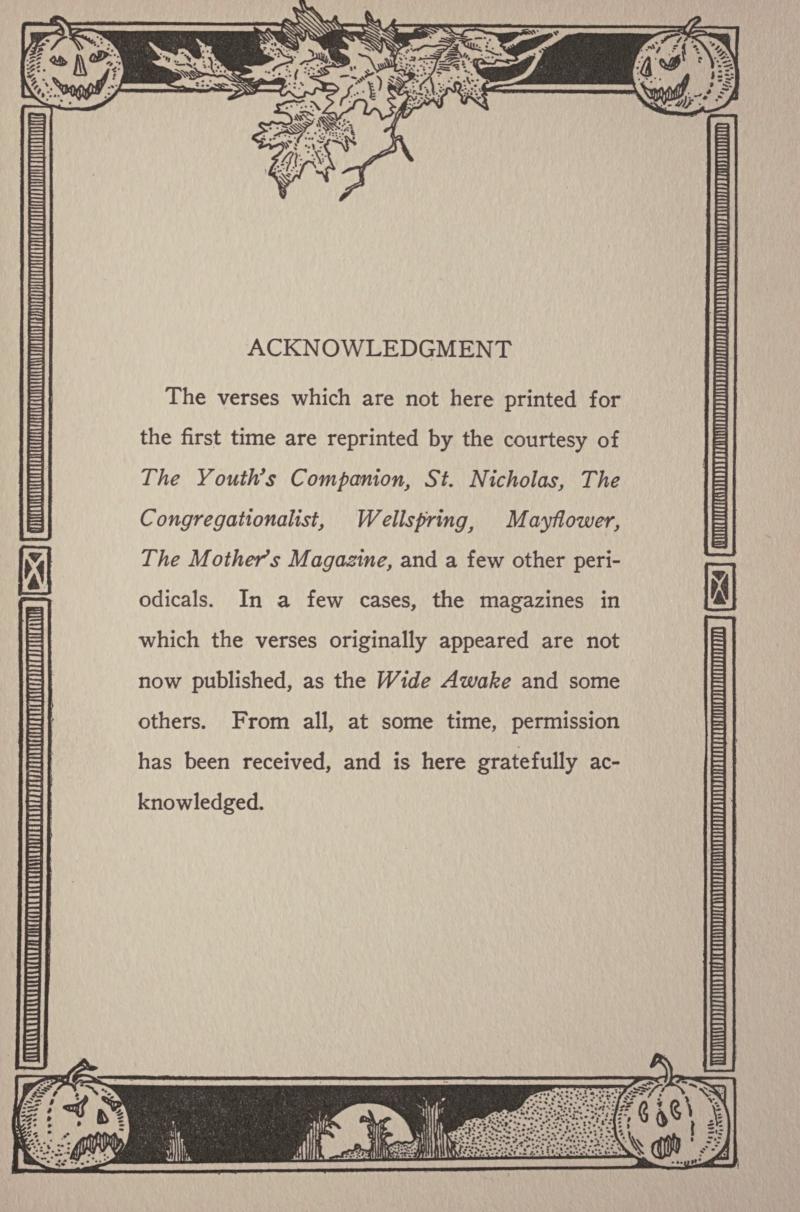
Safe Bathing

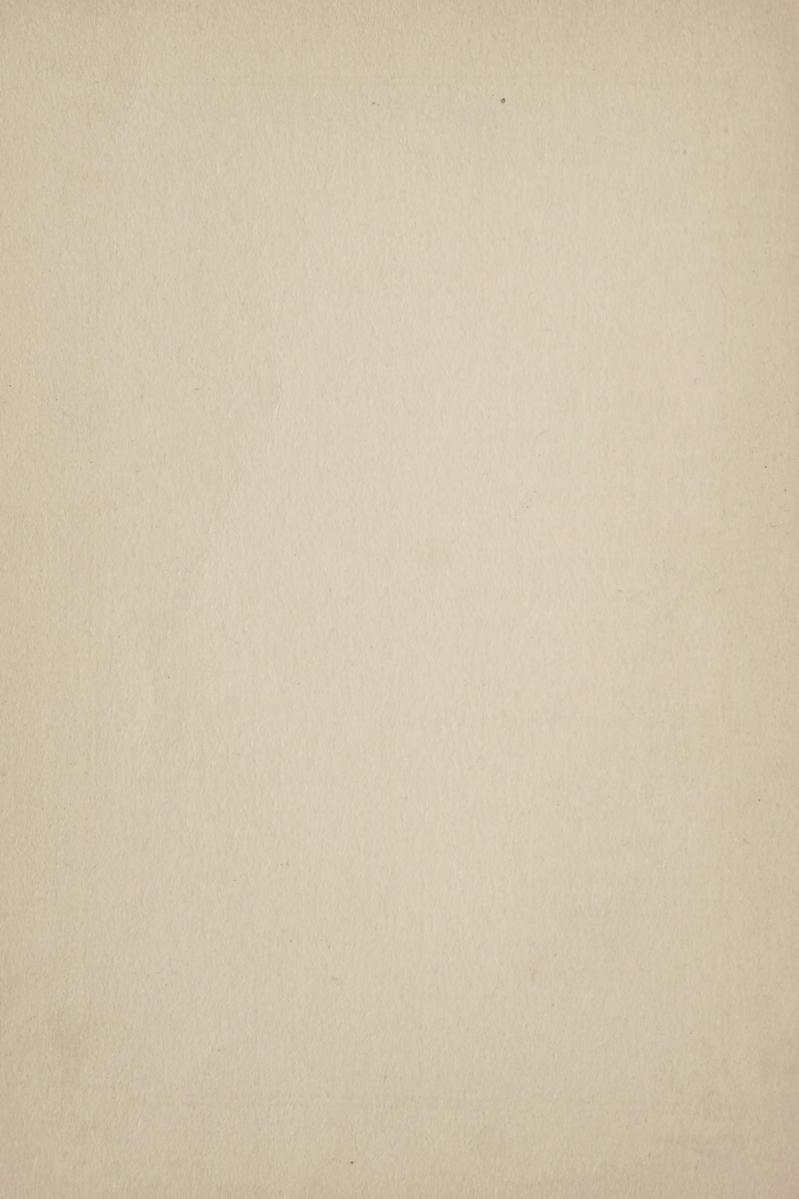














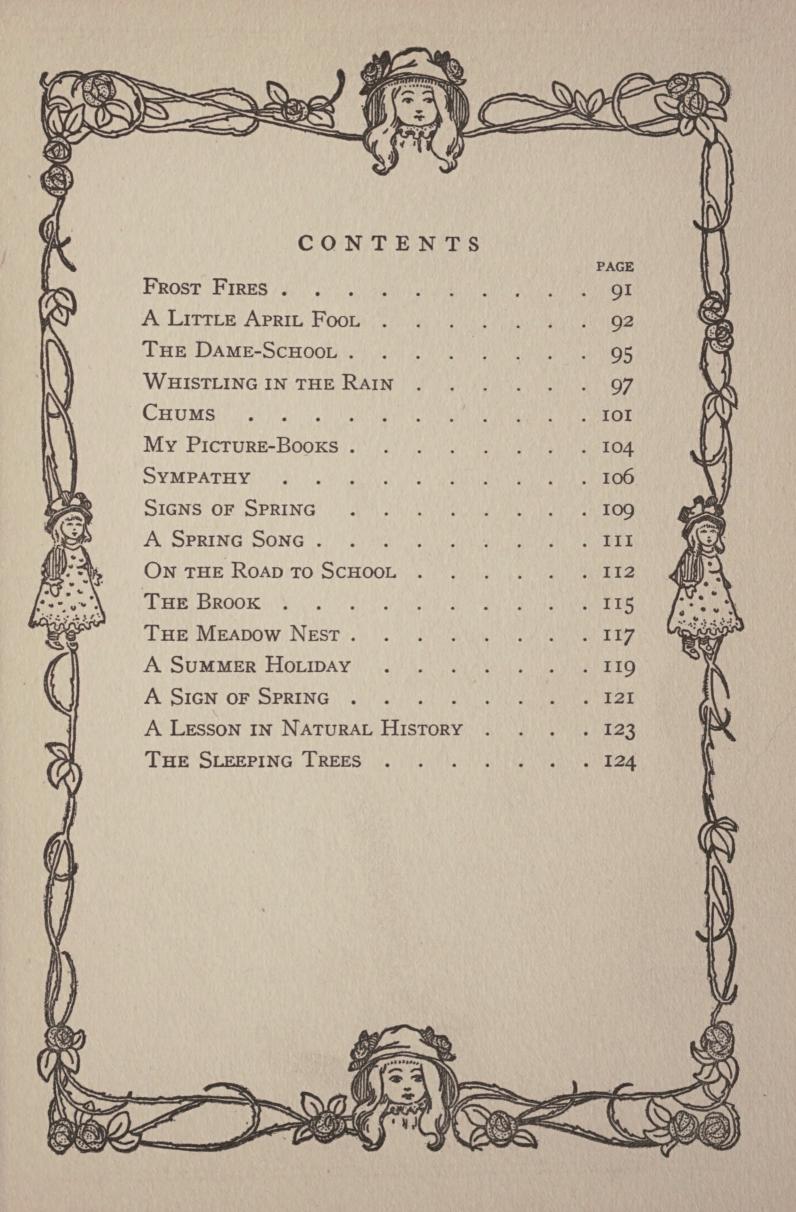


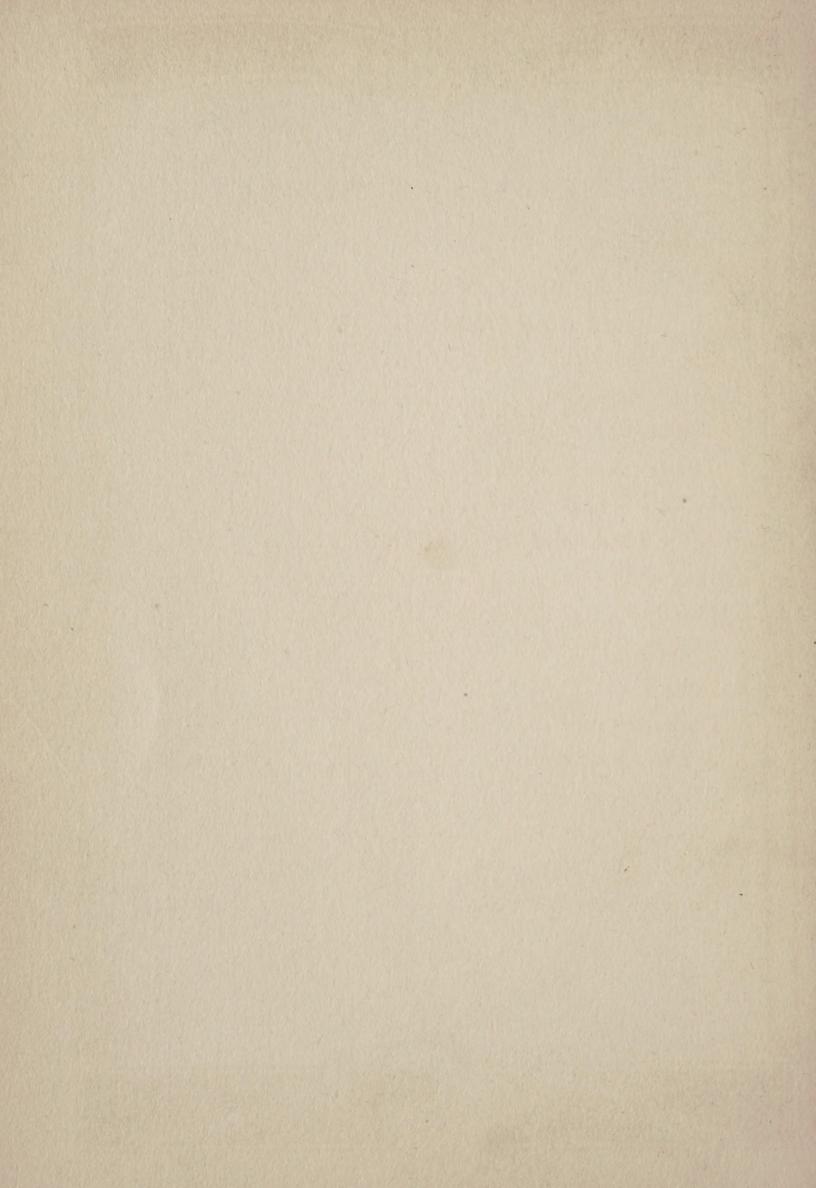
CONTENTS

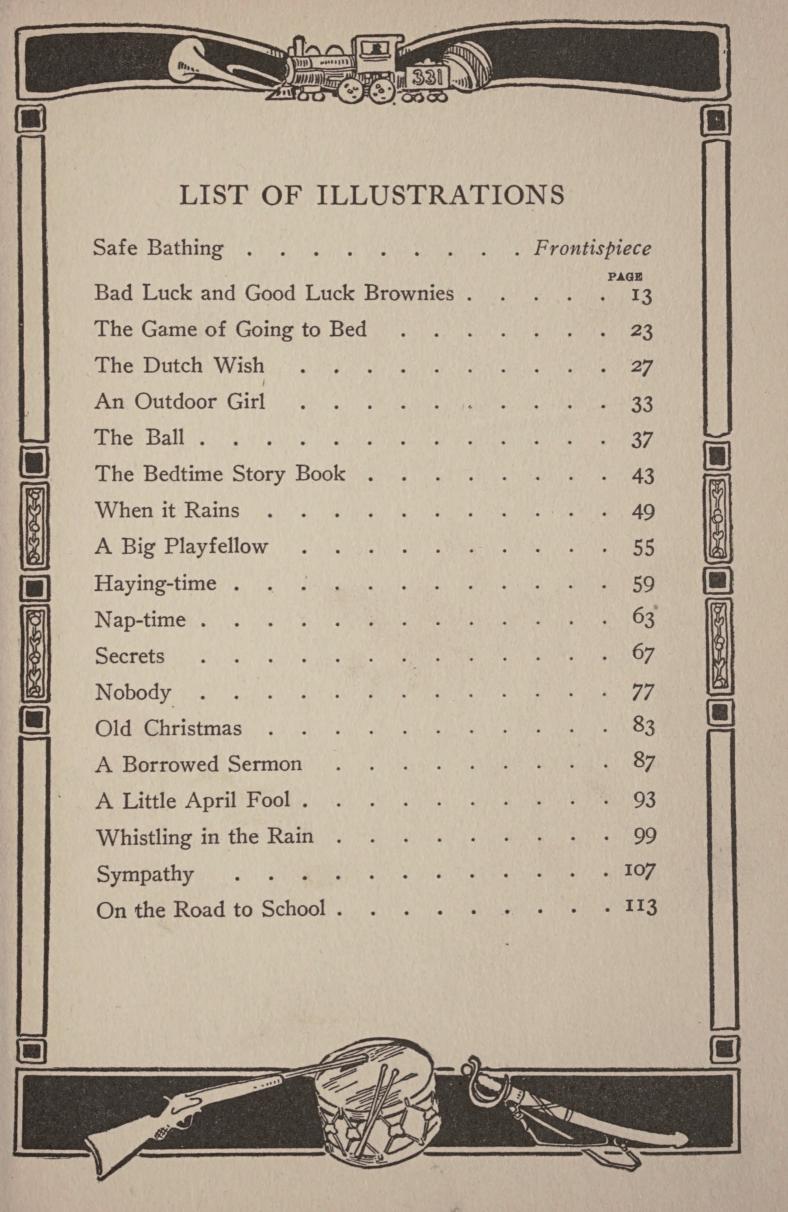
							 P	AGE
A JOLLY BOOK	•							3
THE STORY BOOK .								
Mr. Tongue								
THE CIRCUS PARADE								7
THE BIRTHDAY								
THE CHRISTMAS TREE								10
BABY'S PLAYTHINGS								II
THE BROWNIES								12
A POCKET MENAGERIE								15
THE MONTH OF MAY								17
IN THE DARK					•			19
HER NAME								20
THE GAME OF GOING-TO	o-B	ED				•		22
HER OWN WAY			•		•	•		25
A Dutch Wish						•		26
THE EVERGREEN TREE .								29
A BATH-TUB JOKE								31
AN OUTDOOR GIRL	•							32
Who's Afraid?								35
THE BALL								36
THE SCARECROW								39

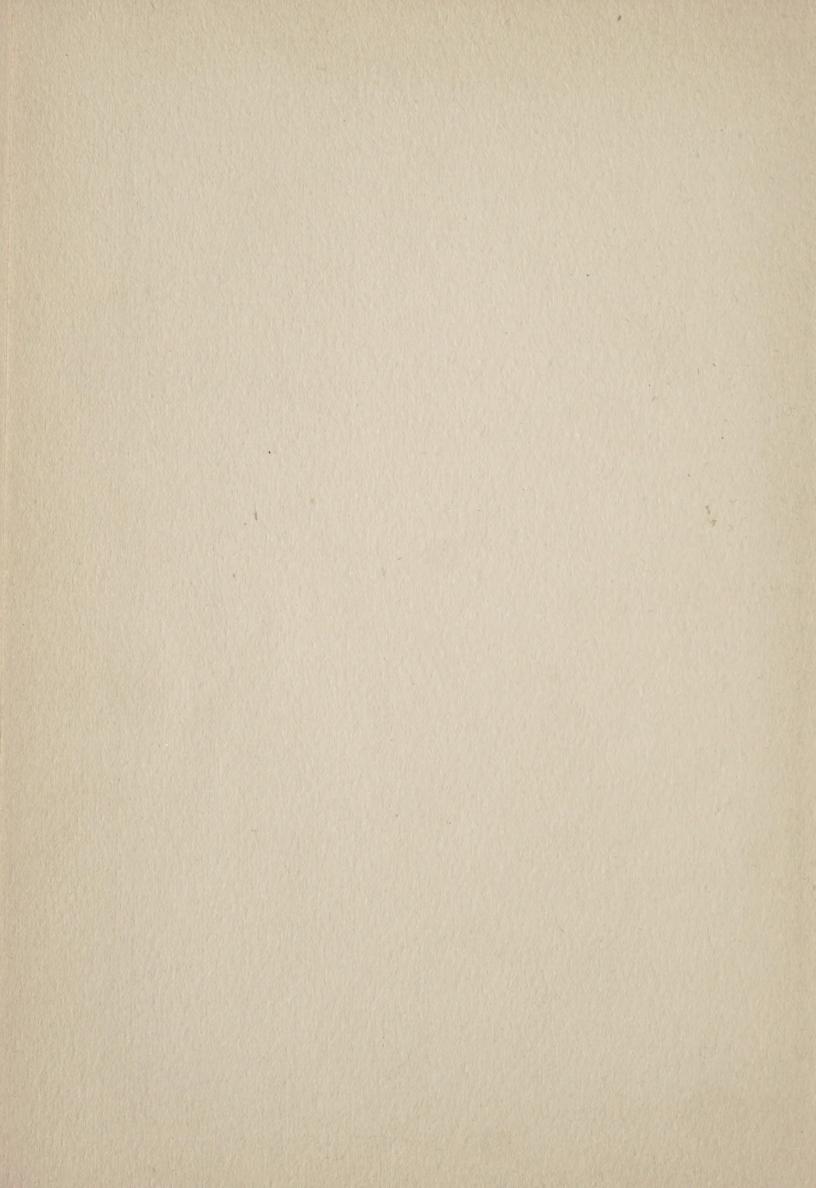


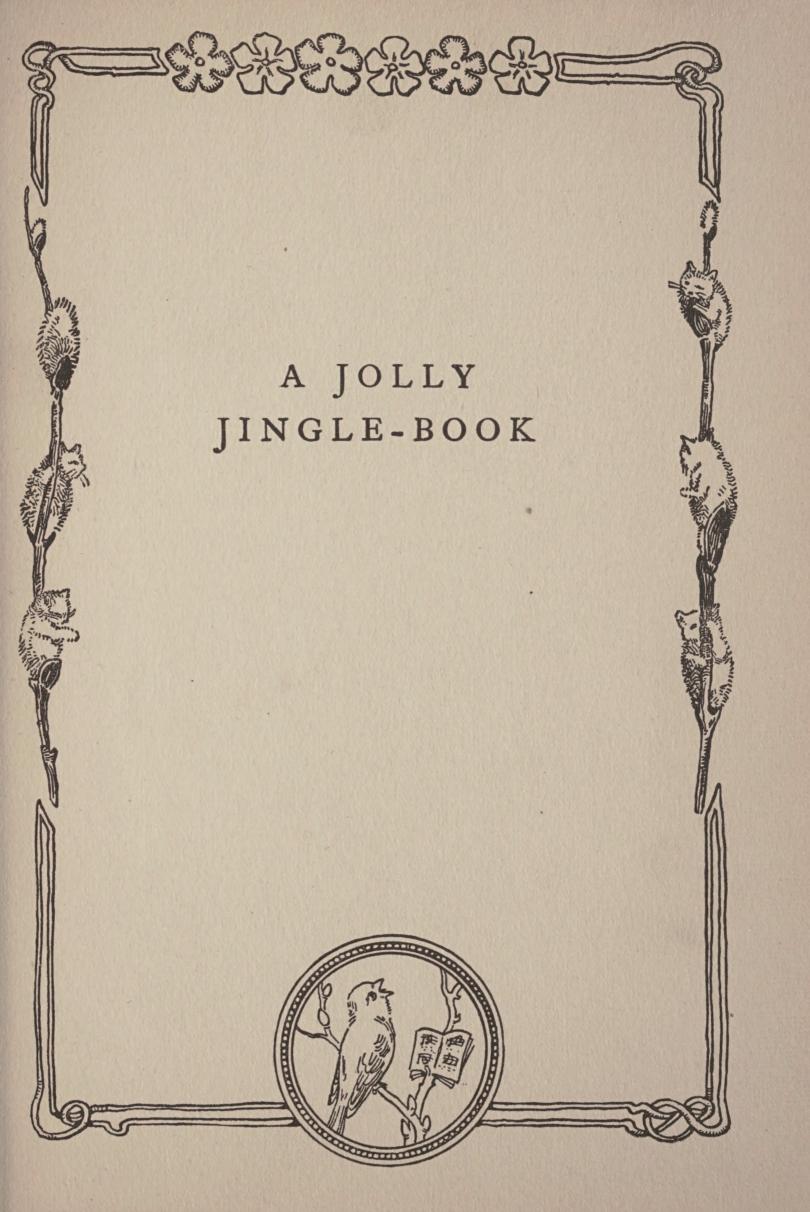
CONTENTS PAGE THE STAR 41 THE BEDTIME STORY BOOK . 42 THE DIFFERENCE 45 WHEN IT RAINS 47 KISSES . 51 HALLOW-E'EN 52 THE MOWING FIELD 53 A BIG PLAYFELLOW . 54 SAFE BATHING . . 57 IN HAYING TIME . 58 THE SONGS OF THE CLOCKS . 61 NAP TIME . 62 SECRETS . 65 To Sweeten It . 69 A CHRISTMAS "TELEPHONE" 71 A LOST BABY 73 NOBODY . . 75 SOMEBODY DID IT 79 OLD CHRISTMAS . 81 A Borrowed Sermon 85 A Touch of Nature 89

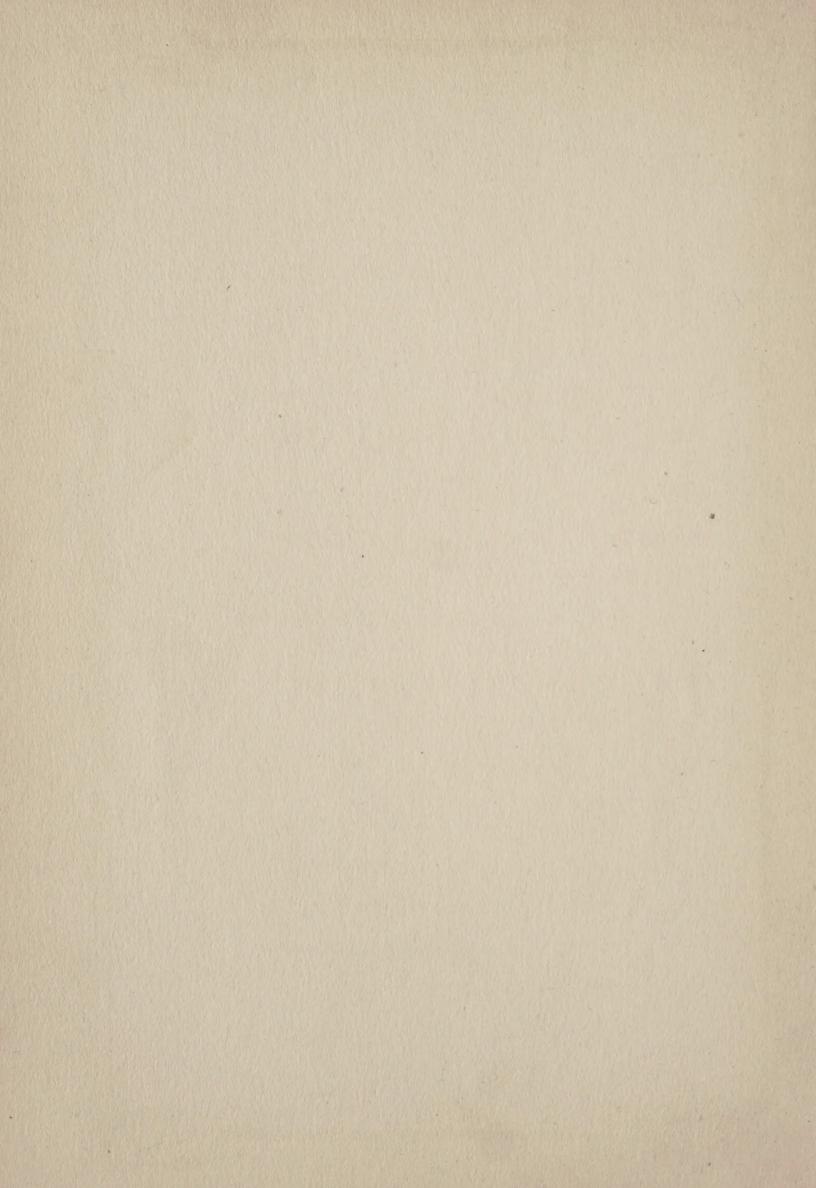


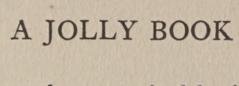












What little children think at night,
When lights are out and prayers are
said,

And you are all tucked up in bed?

Such funny dreams go dancing through Your head, of things nobody knew, Or saw, or ever half believes!— They're all inside these singing leaves.

And little children laugh and go
A-ring-a-round-a-rosy-O;
And birds sing gay—you'd almost think
You listened to a bobolink.

Look at the pictures, one by one!
The rhymes are only half the fun.
It laughs and bubbles like a brook—
My pretty, jolly jingle-book!

[3]



THE STORY-BOOK

"T's all full of lions and old grizzly-bears,

And tigers and elephants, too!

And lots of things never was seen anywheres But just in the Ark or the Zoo!

"There's kitties and doggies and dear little mice,

And little girls playing—just look!

I guess by the time I have read it through twice

I can say it right off of the book!

"There's rhymes about fairies and brownies and such,

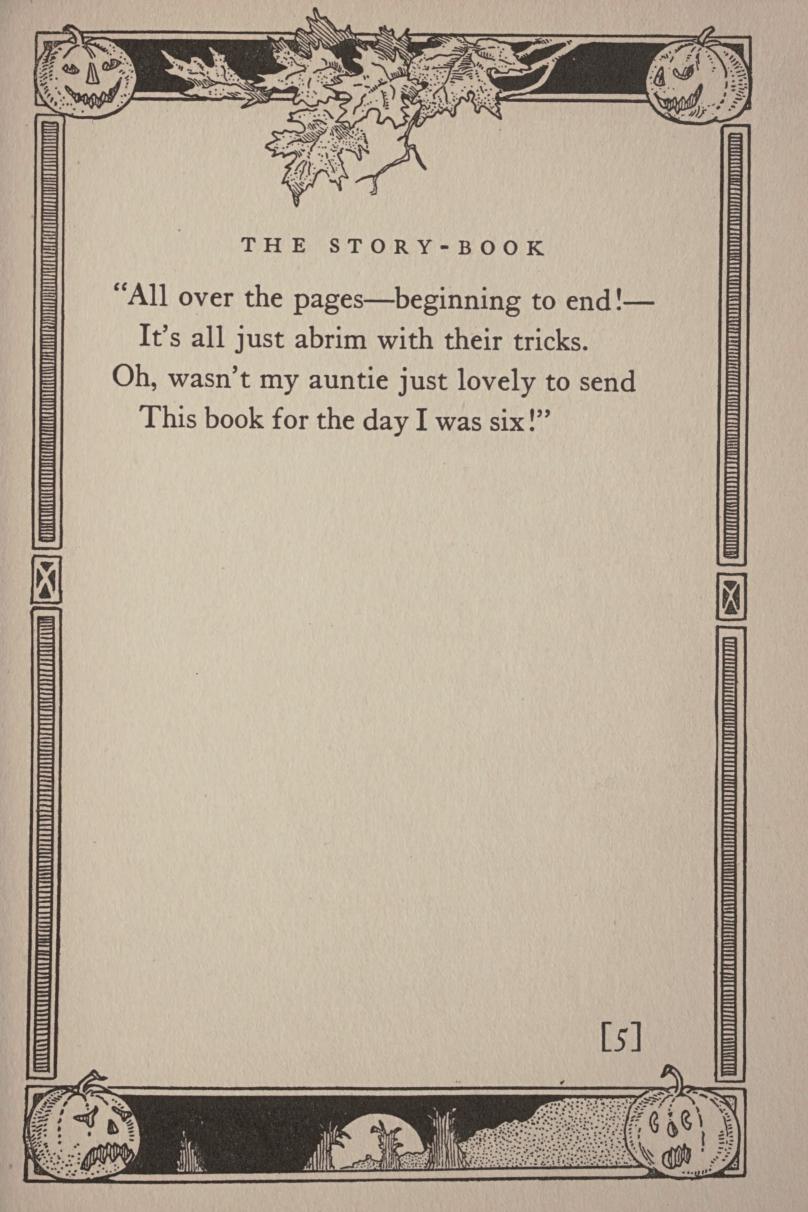
With queer little pictures in black;

And dear little children with shoes that are Dutch

Go clickety-clackety-clack

[4]









MR. TONGUE

A LITTLE red man in a little red house

With gates of ivory!

He might stay there, as still as a mouse, And nobody could see;

But talk he will, and laugh he will,

At everything you do;

And come to the door and peep, until I know his name—don't you?





THE CIRCUS PARADE

H, see them come! Can you hear the drum?

Do you hear the animals cry?
Hear the music ring, see the baton swing
As the column marches by!

In a long, long line come the chariots fine,
With the "king of beasts" inside;
Hear the howl of rage from the gilded cage

Where the Bengal tigers ride.

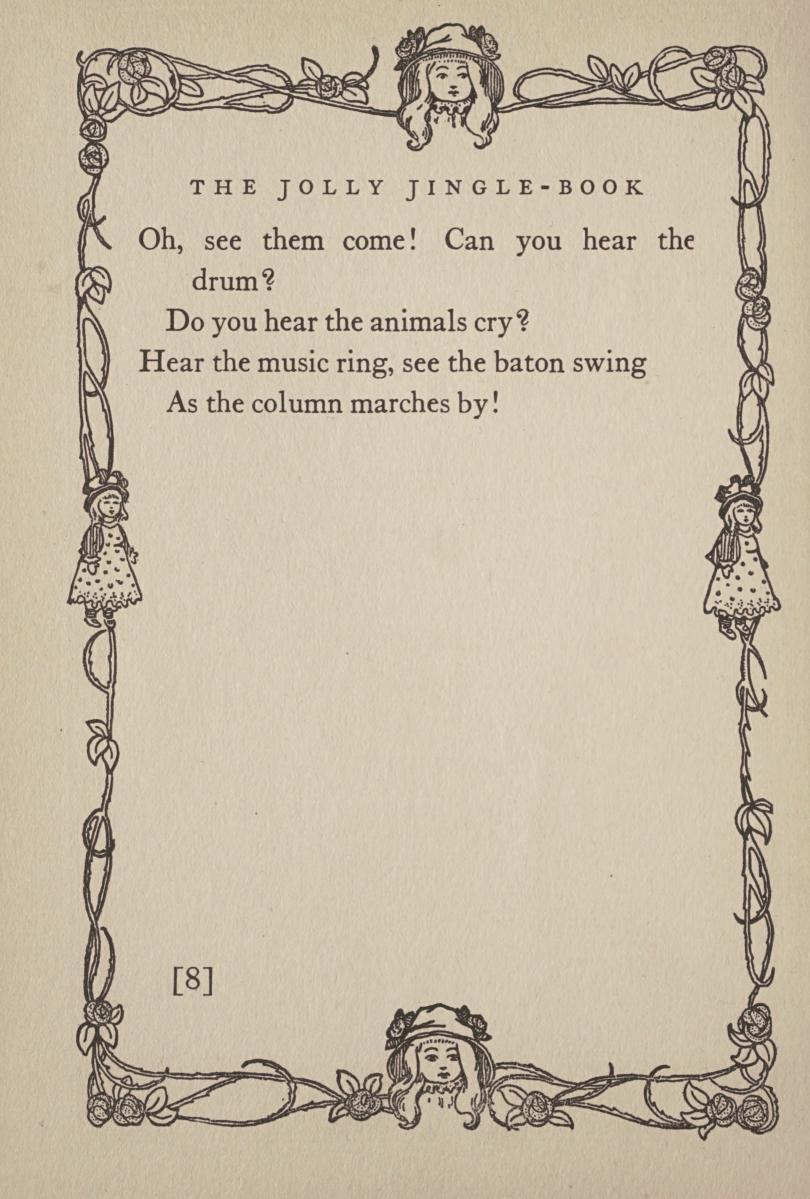
Are you keeping count? There's any

A-coming over the hill!

If you took a peep and slept for a week— I b'lieve they'd be coming still!

[7]







THE BIRTHDAY

B RING the birthday-marker!
That's the way to show
How much I've been growing
Since a year ago.

All my last year's dresses
Are too short for me;
This one—with the tucks out—
Only to my knee!

Grandpa rubs his glasses;
Whispers, "Yes, indeed!
How that child is growing—
Growing like a weed!"

Mother's word is sweetest:

"Yes, in sun and shower
She's been growing, growing,
Growing like a flower!"

[9]





THE CHRISTMAS TREE

SHINE, shine, over the snow,
Tree with the lights aglow!
Warm the world with your merry fire;
Bless the poor with their heart's desire—
Tree with the lights aglow!

Gleam, gleam, merrily now,

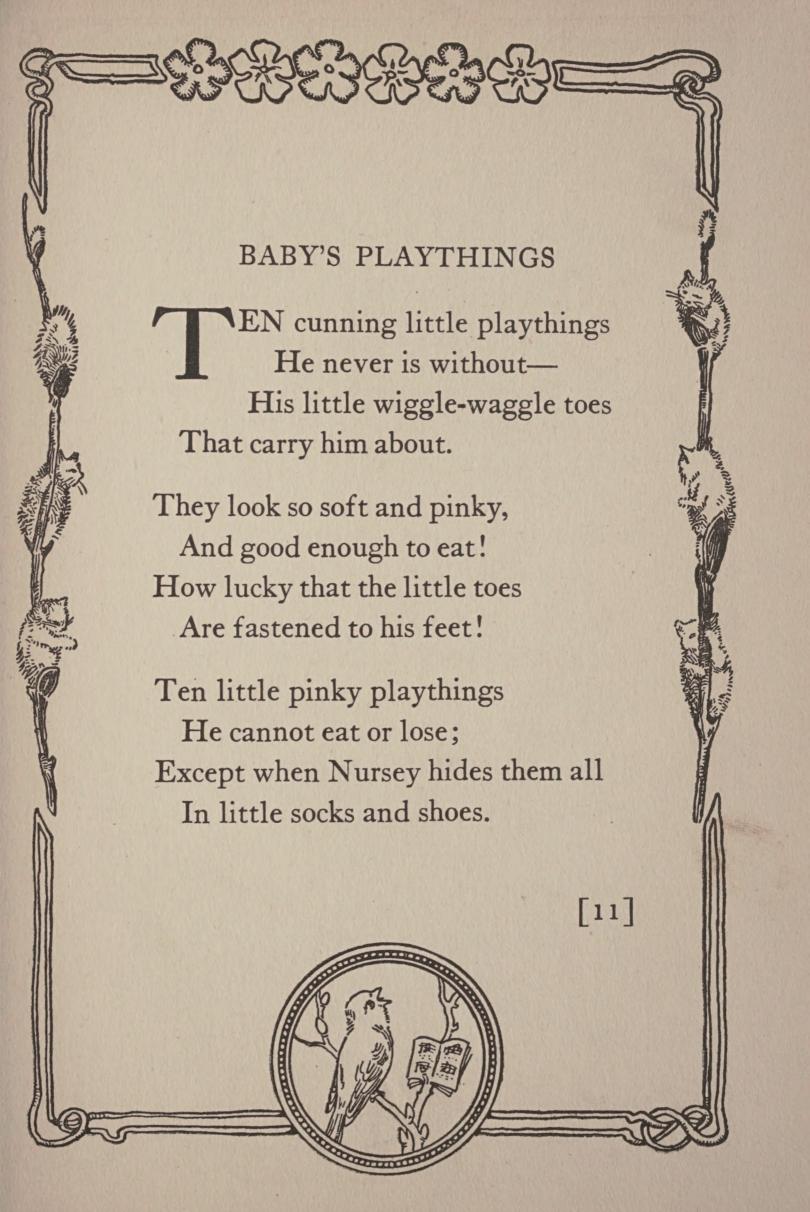
Tree of the beckoning bough!

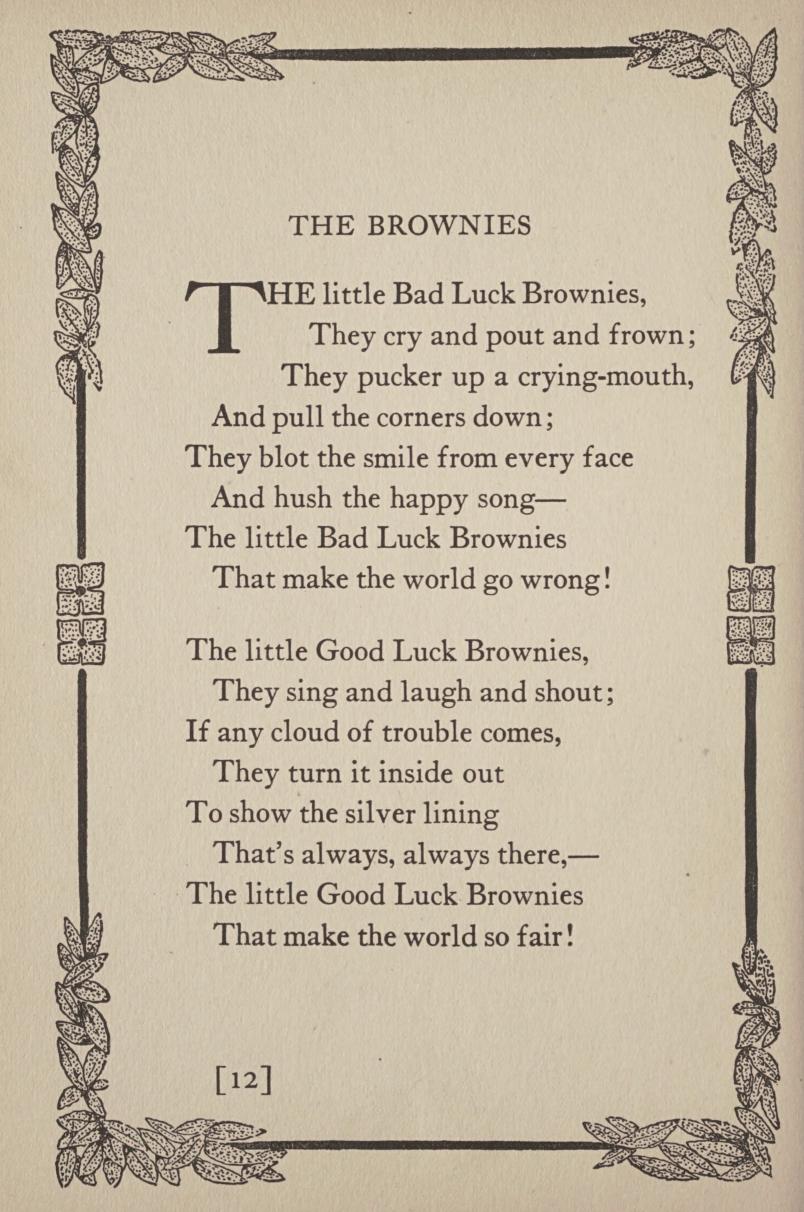
Anywhere that a child is seen,

Beckon him with your fingers green—

Tree of the bending bough!









Bad Luck and Good Luck Brownies





A POCKET MENAGERIE

A N elephant, a mooley-cow, a headless horse or two,

A tall giraffe without a neck, a legless kangaroo;

A squirrel whose long, bushy tail is nothing but a stump;

A camel whose once hubbly back shows not a single hump;

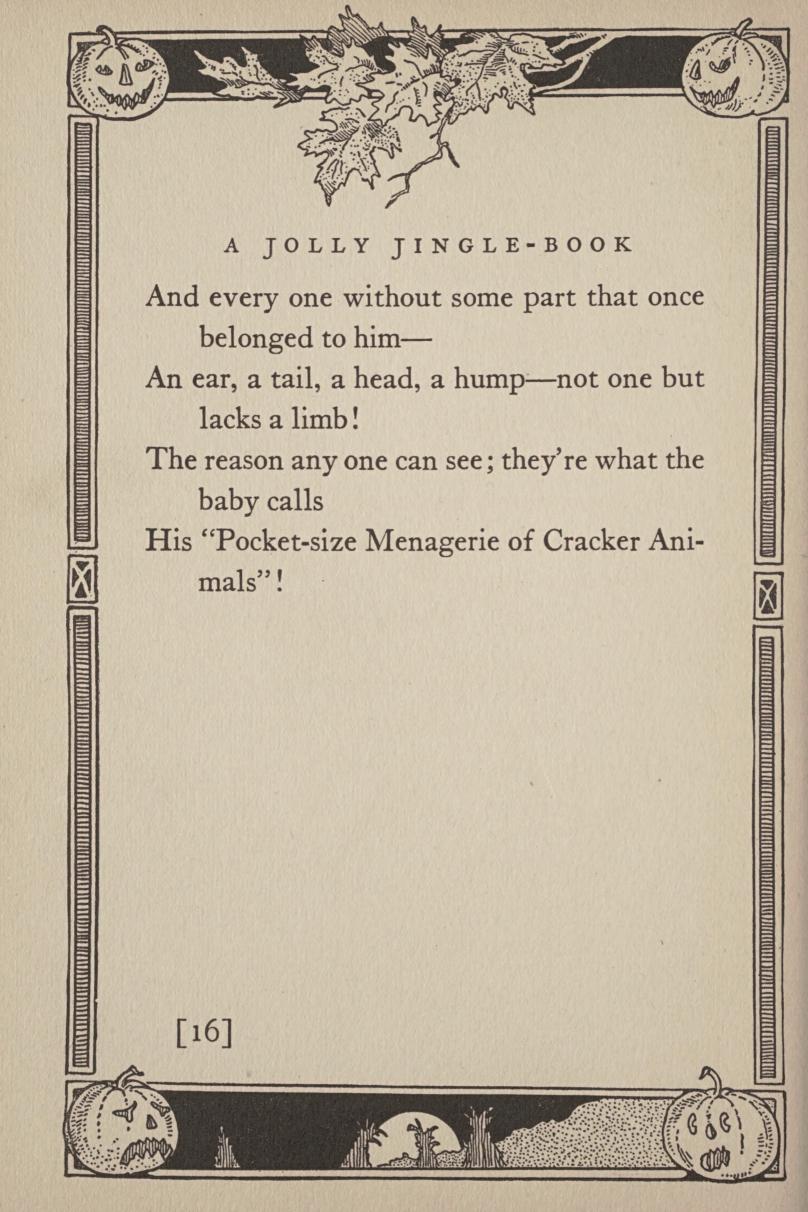
A lion with three legs instead of four, as usual,

And other beasts that stand the best lined up against the wall;

A tiger with an ear chewed off; a rabbit and a pig;

A perky-nosed rhinoceros about two inches big;

[15]







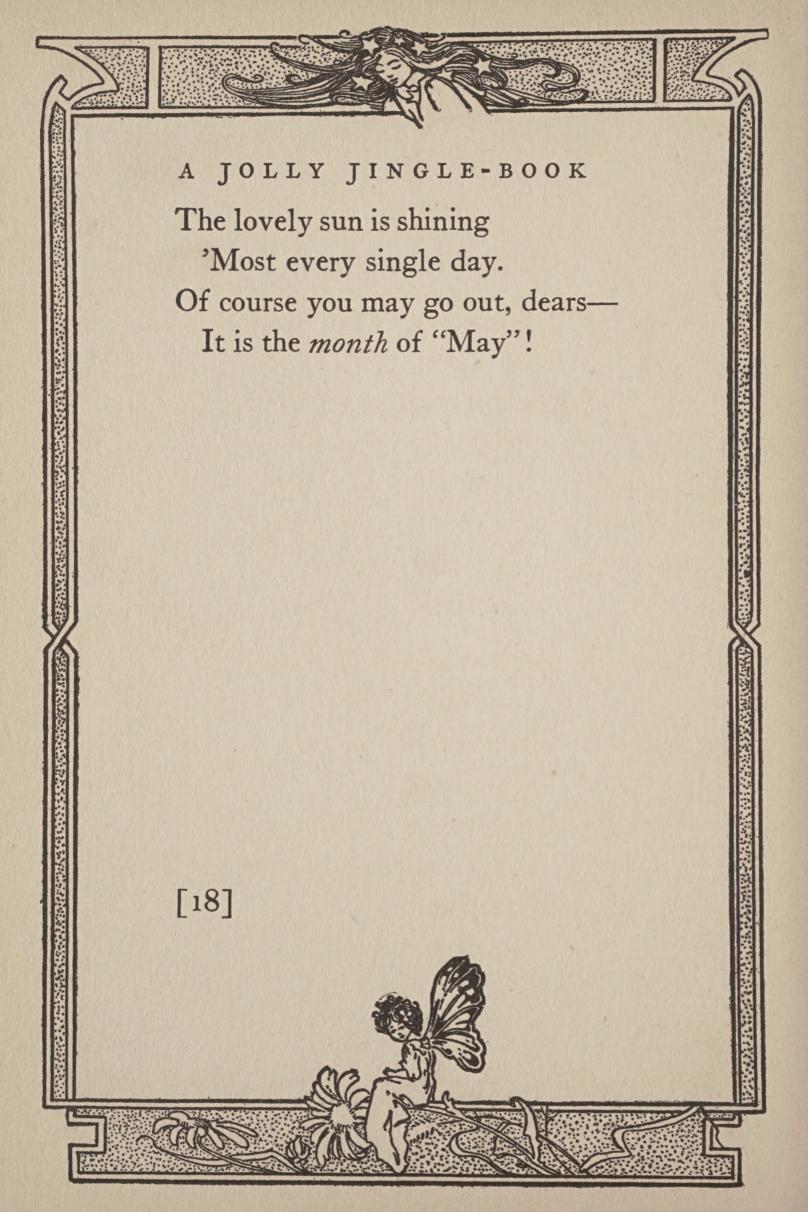
THE MONTH OF MAY

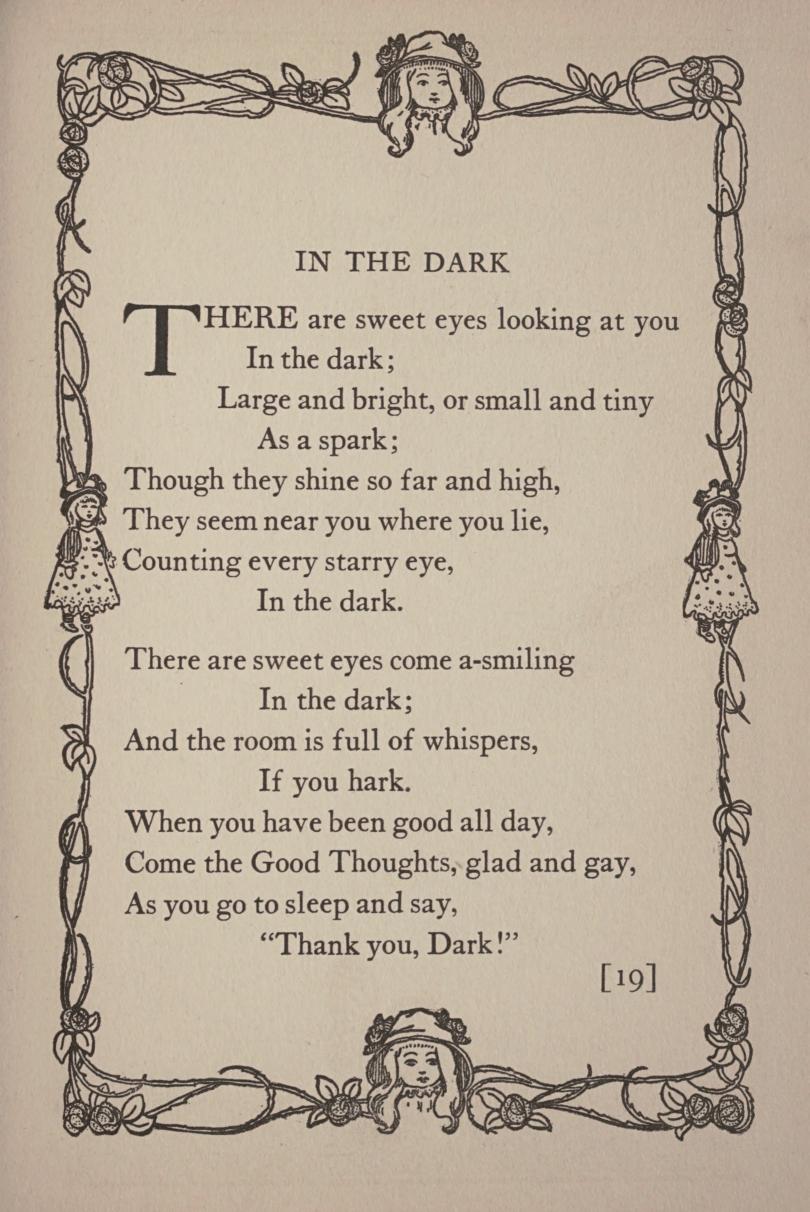
I T comes just after April,
And right before 'tis June;
And every bird that's singing
Has this same lovely tune:
You needn't ask your mother
To let you go and play;
The very breezes whisper,
"You may! You may! You may!"

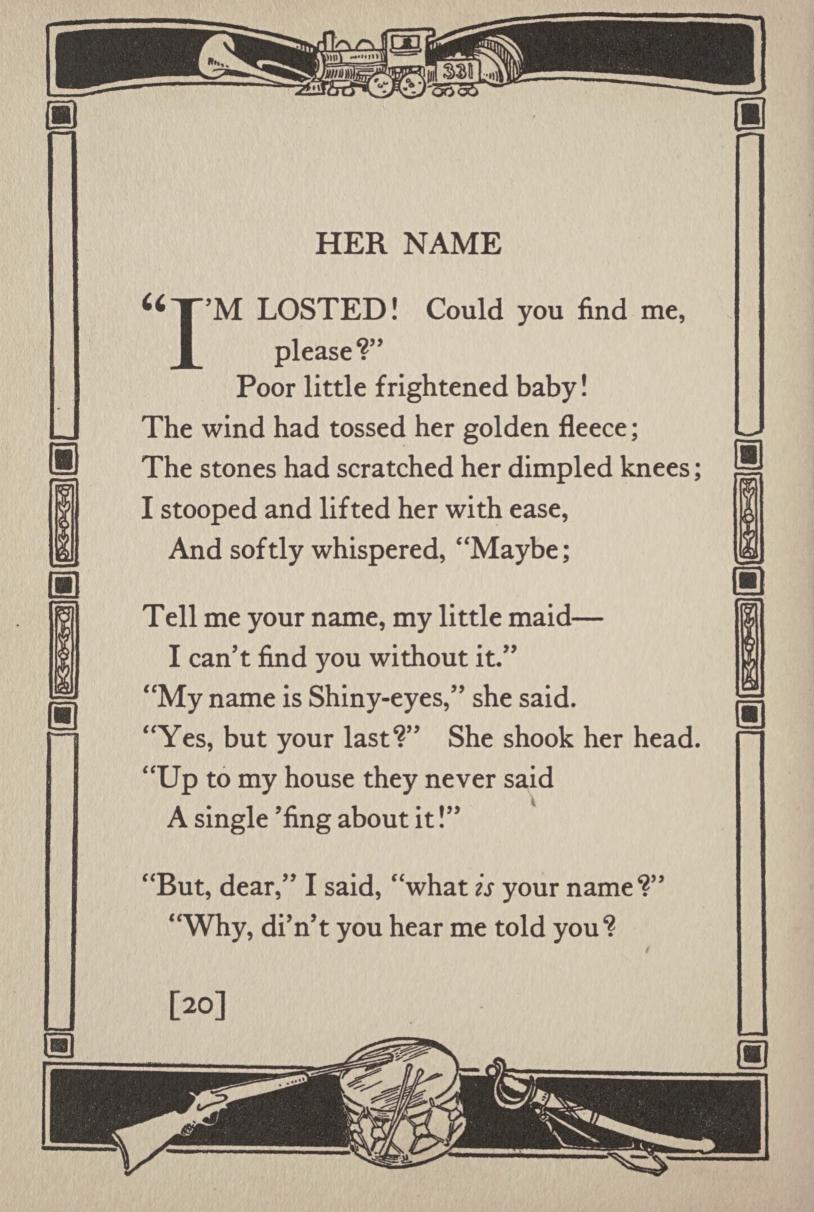
There are no frosts to freeze you,
And no fierce winds to blow;
But winds that seem like kisses,
So soft and sweet and slow;











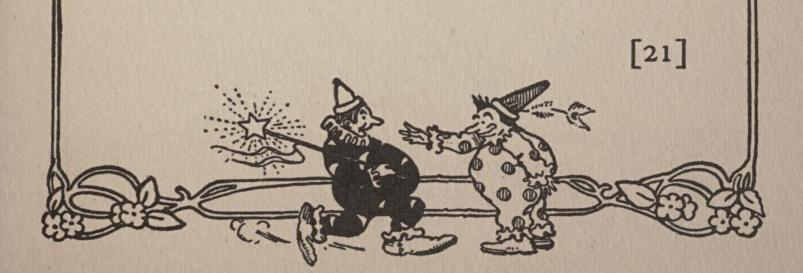


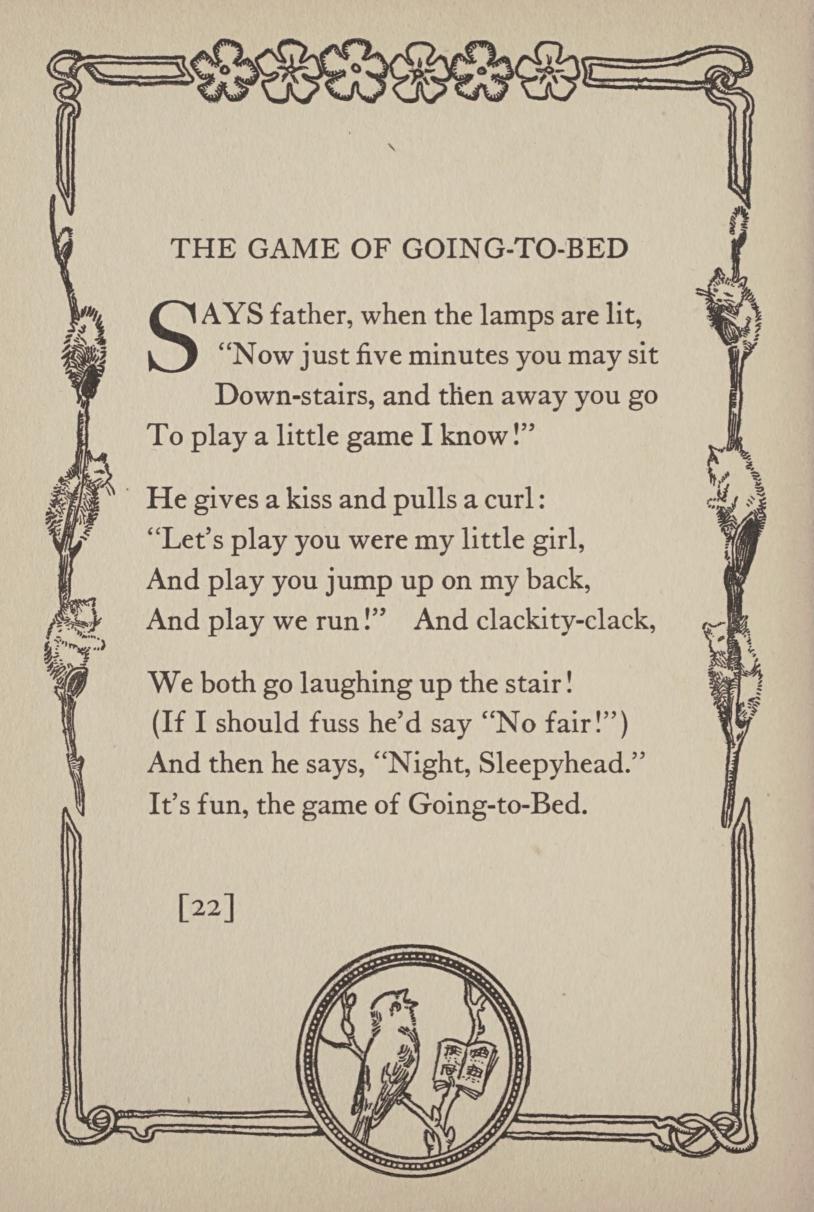
HER NAME

Dust Shiny-eyes!" A bright thought came. "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame

You, little one—it's not the same When mother has to scold you?"

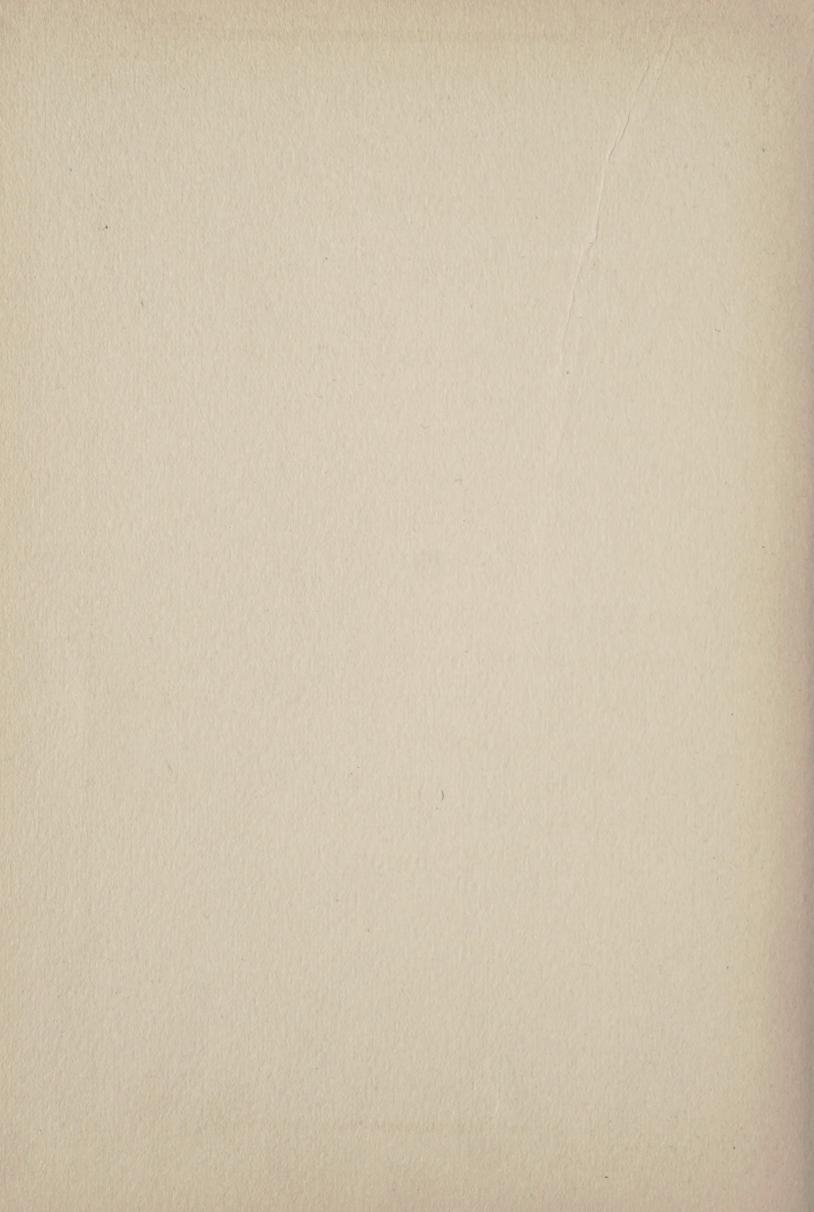
"My mother never scolds!" she moans, A little blush ensuing; "'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones, And then she says (the culprit owns), 'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones, What has you been a-doing!"

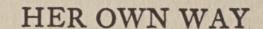






The Game of Going-to-Bed





WHEN Polly goes into the parlor to play,

She never minds what the little notes say,

Nor peeps at a music-book;
"I play by ear," says the little dear
(When some of us think the music's queer),
"So why should I need to look?"

When Polly goes into the kitchen to cook,
She never looks at a cookery-book,
Nor a sign of a recipe;
It's a dot of this and a dab of that,
And a twirl of the wrist and a pinch and a
pat—
"I seek by hand" says she

"I cook by hand," says she.

[25]

A DUTCH WISH

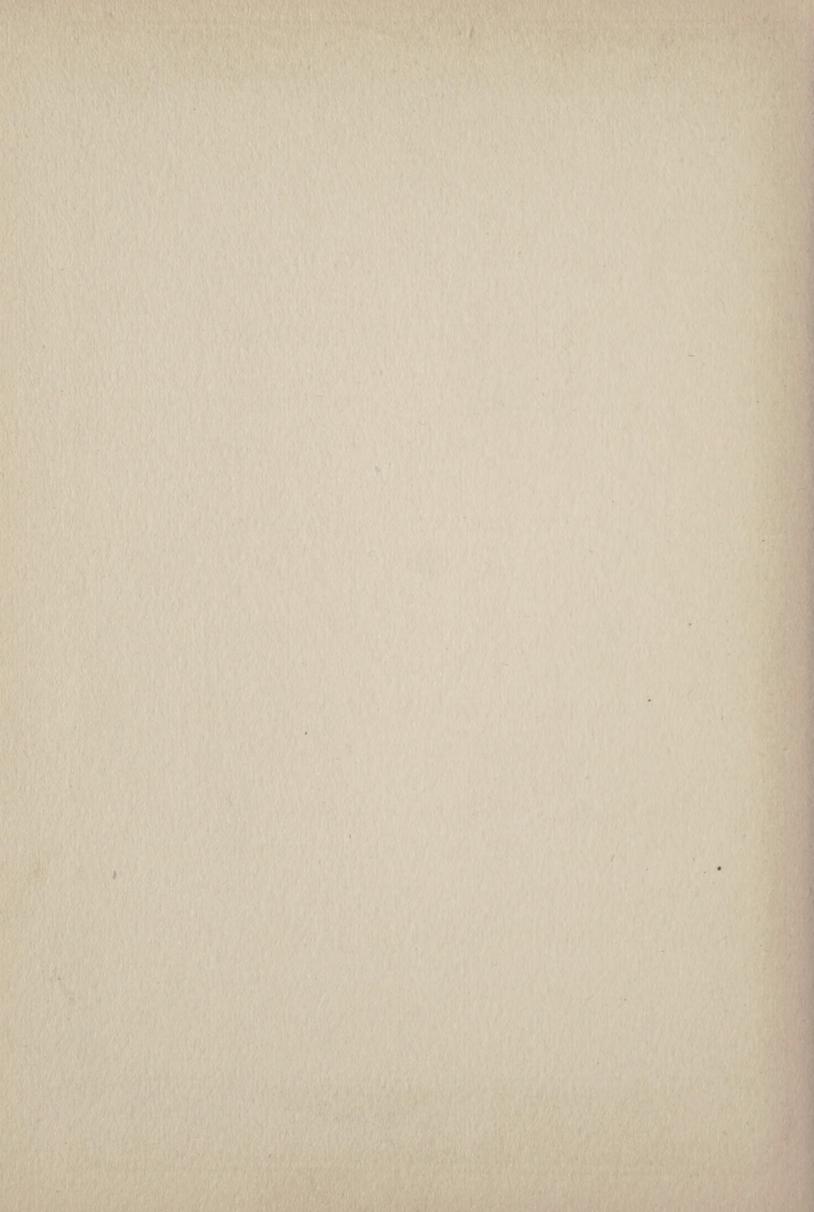
HE little Dutch children,
With little Dutch shoes,
Go clittery-clatter
Wherever they choose.

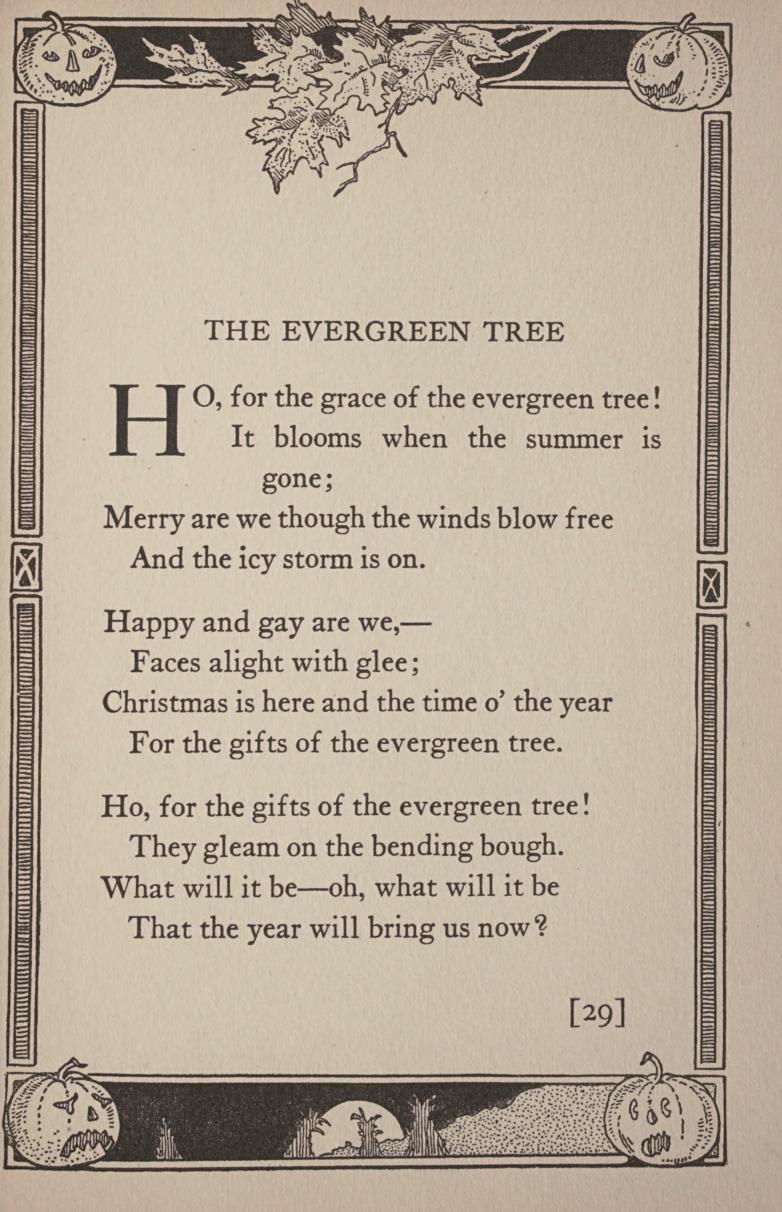
But we must move lightly,
In slippers, at that,
And walk on our tip-toes,
And go like a cat.

But, oh, noise is lovely!
We wish very much
That we were Dutch children
With shoes that were Dutch.



[27]









A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK

Grateful and glad are we;
Christmas brings joy and glee;
He who was born on Christmas morn
Gives the joy of the evergreen tree.

Ho, for the joy of the evergreen tree!

By a million children glad,

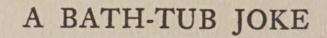
Treasured shall be thy sweet memory

When the world is cold or sad.

Sing of the Christmas tree;
Sing of His love so free
Who sendeth delight on Christmas night
And the joy of the evergreen tree.

[30]





LEAN and sweet from head to feet Is Jerry, but not his twin. "Now for the other!" says merry mother,

And quickly dips him in.

Jim and Jerry, with lips of cherry,

And eyes of the selfsame blue;

Twins to a speckle, yes, even a freckle—

What can a mother do?

They wink and wriggle and laugh and giggle-

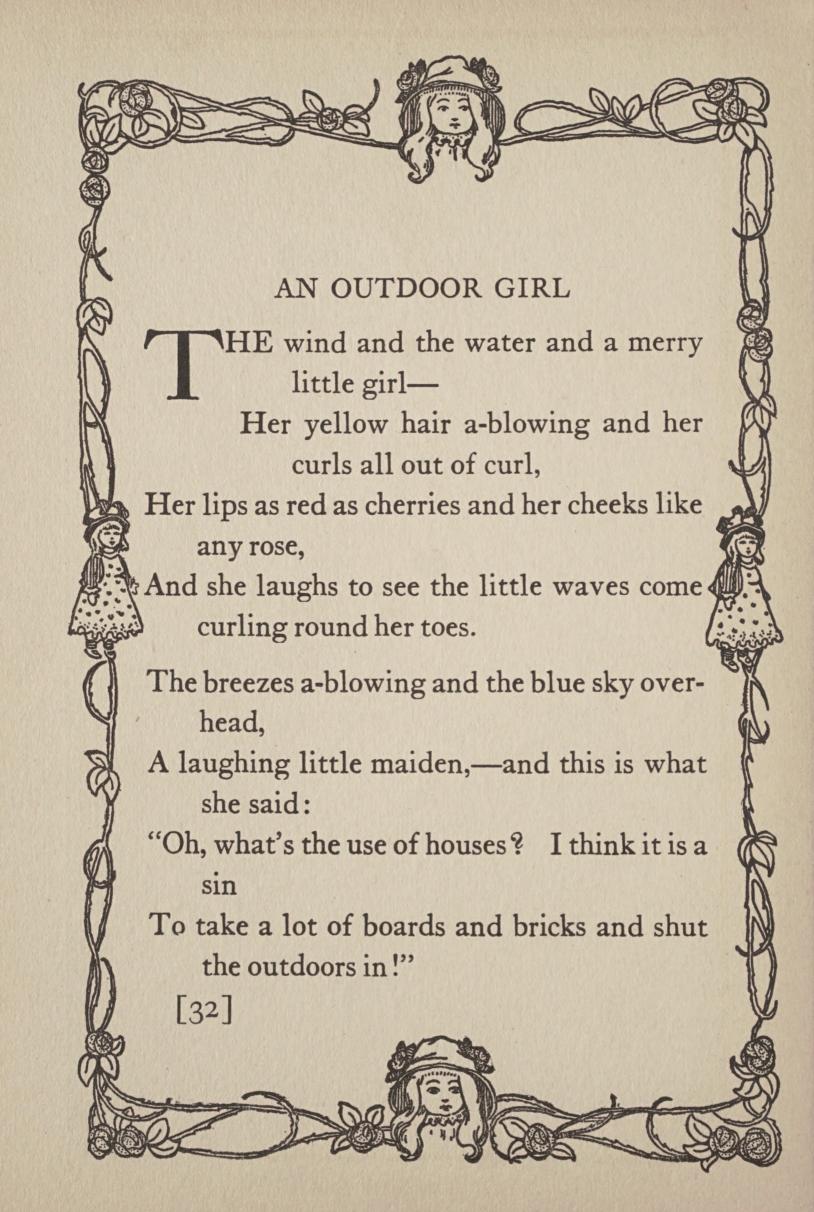
A joke on mother is nice!

"We played a joke,"—'twas Jimmie who spoke,—

"And you've washed the same boy twice!"

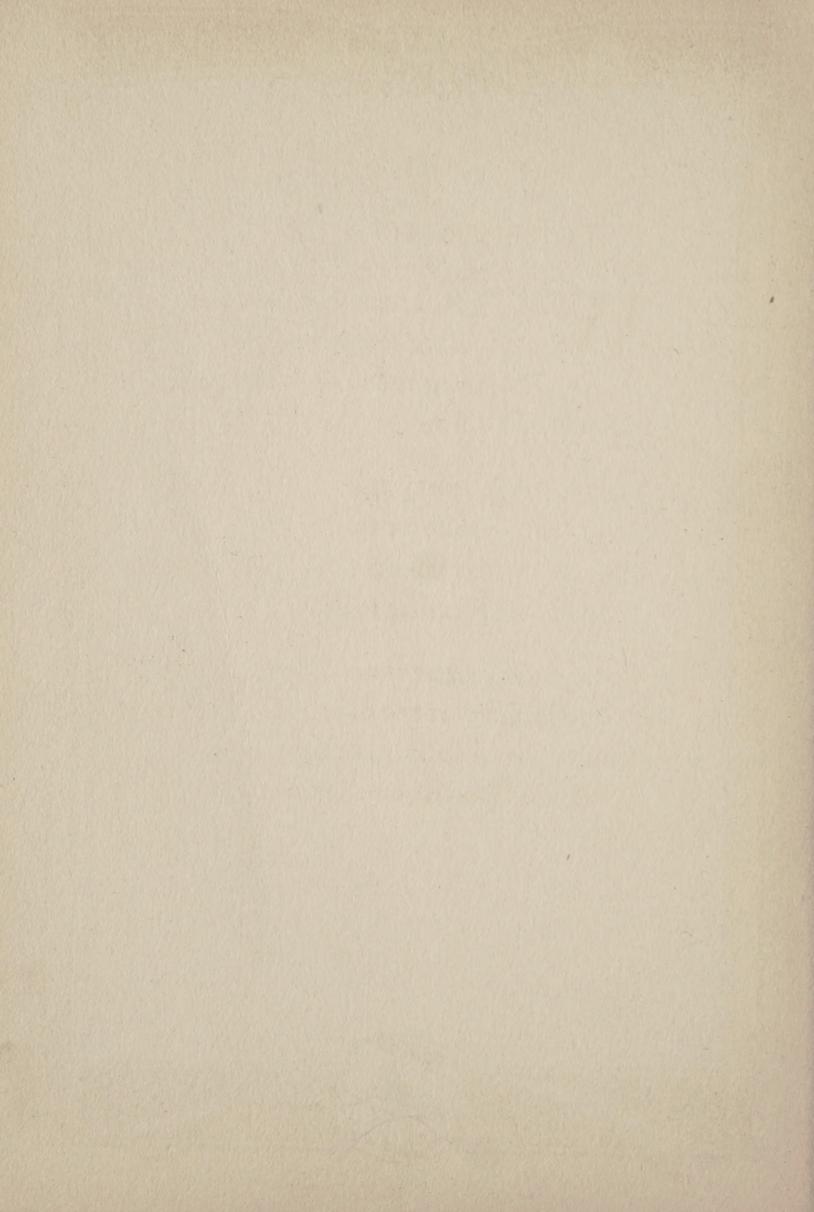
[31]

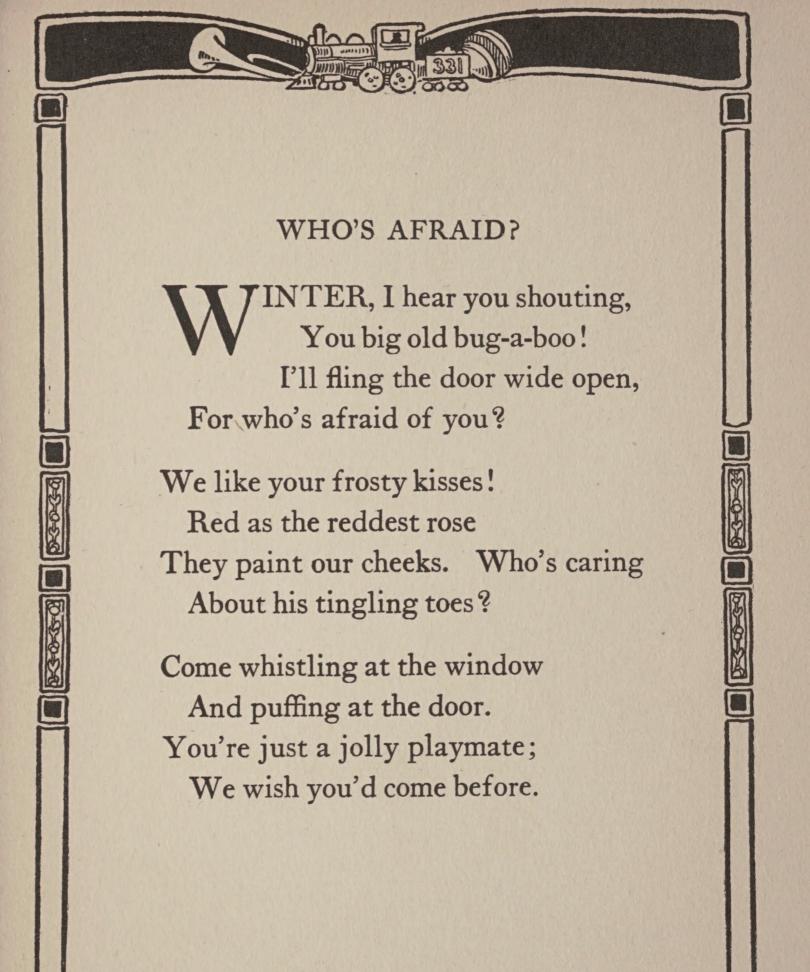




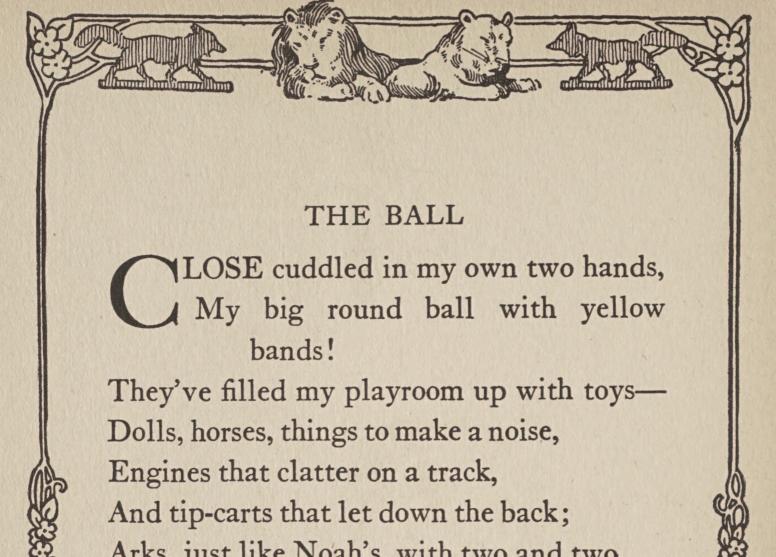


An Outdoor Girl





[35]



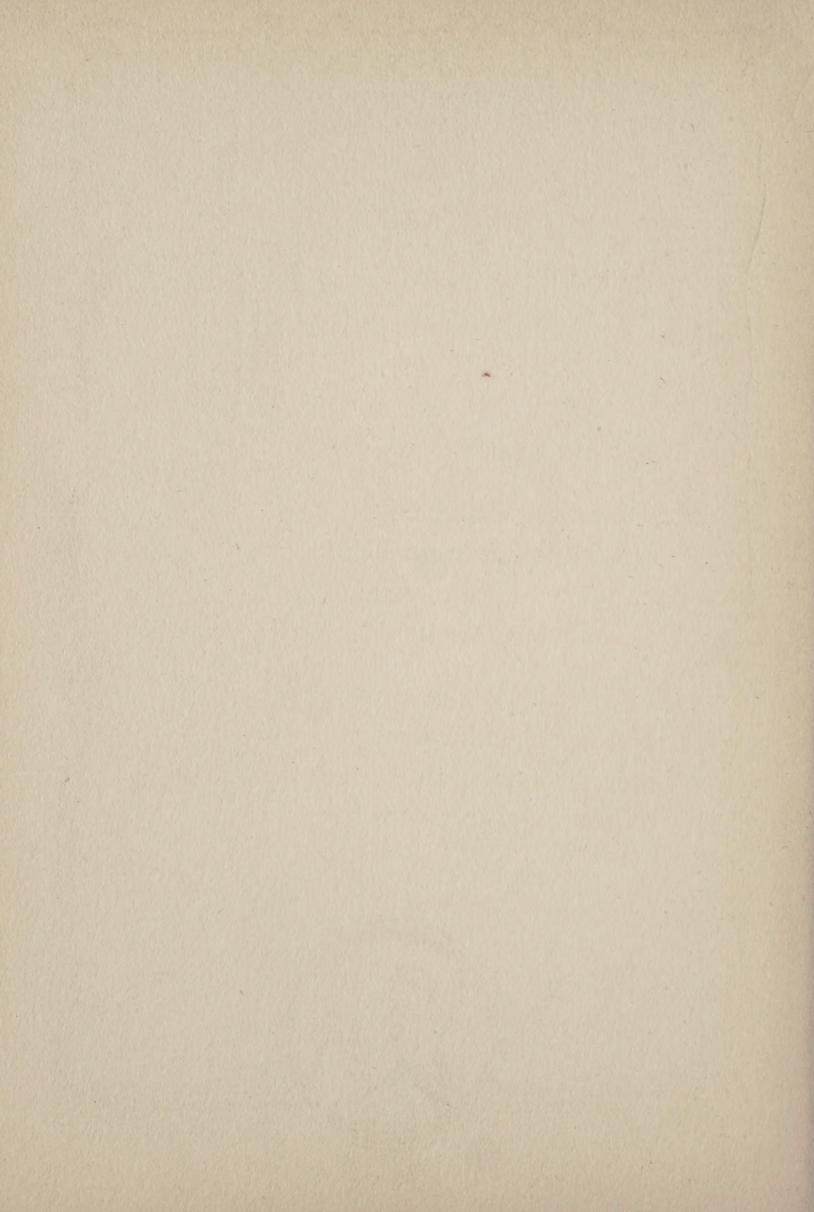
They've filled my playroom up with toys—Dolls, horses, things to make a noise,
Engines that clatter on a track,
And tip-carts that let down the back;
Arks, just like Noah's, with two and two
Of every animal he knew;
Whole rows of houses built of blocks,
A mouse that squeaks, a doll that talks;
But when the Sleepy Man comes by
And I'm too tired to want to try
To think of anything at all,
Here's my old, dear old, rubber ball.

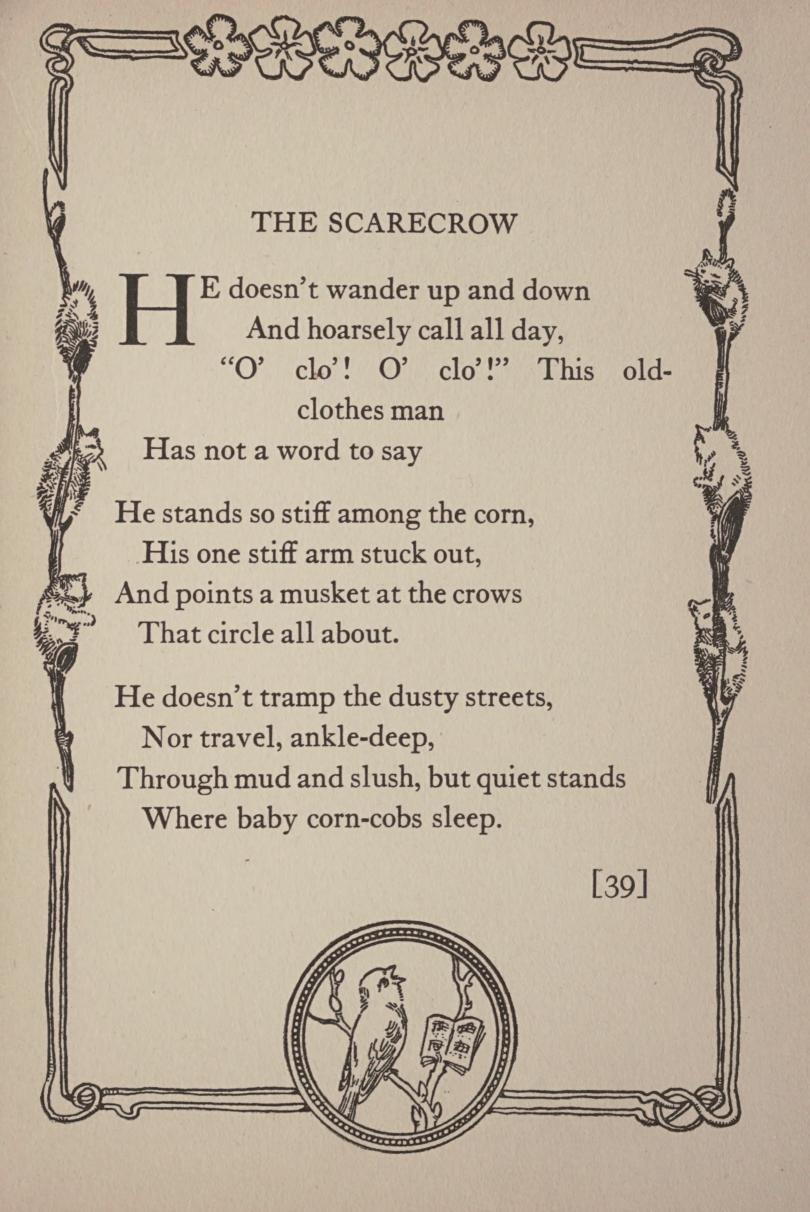
Close cuddled in my own two hands, My big round ball with vellow bands. [36]

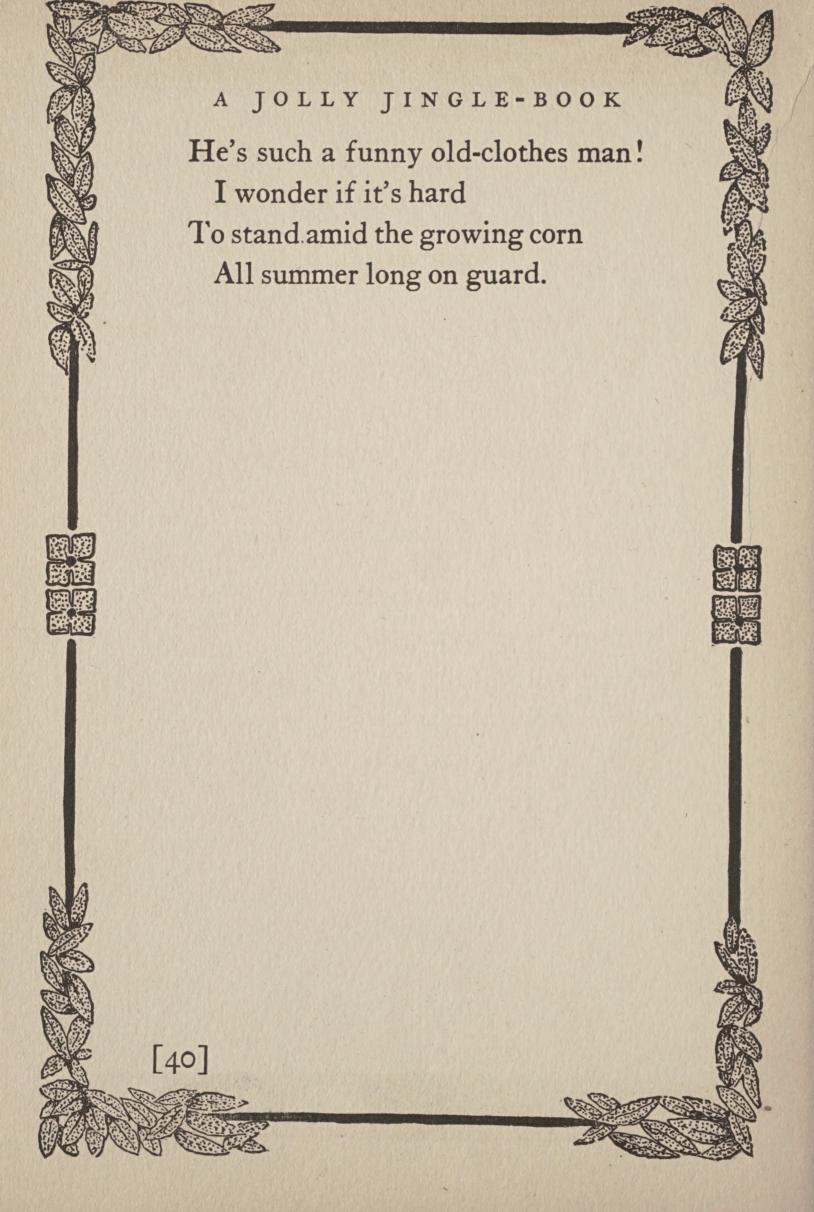




The Ball



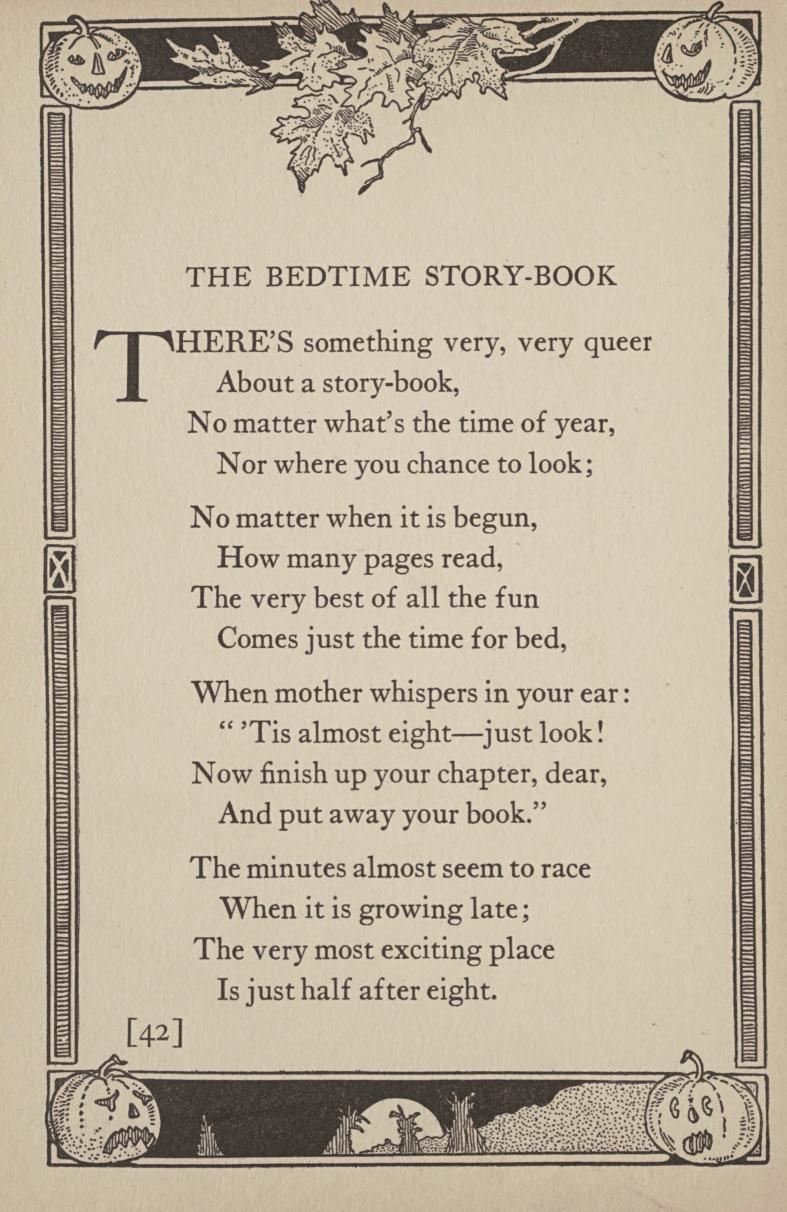




THE STAR

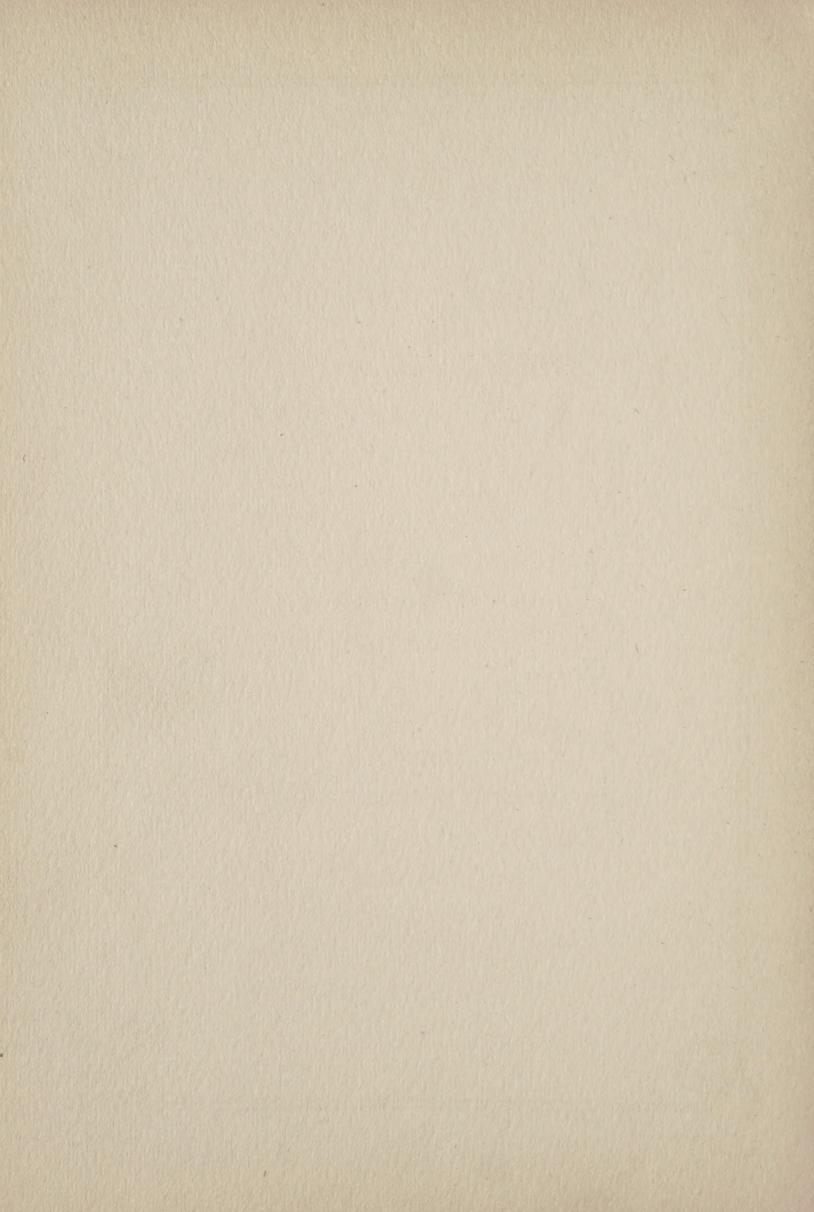
HEN mother shuts the nursery door
And takes away the light,
She gently kisses me once more
And says again, "Good night,"
And lifts the curtain till I see
The lamp God lighted up for me.

My little star-lamp is but one
Of millions in the sky,
Because each child, when day is done,
Needs one as much as I;
So all the boys and girls there are
Can each one have his lighted star.





The Bedtime Story-Book







THE DIFFERENCE

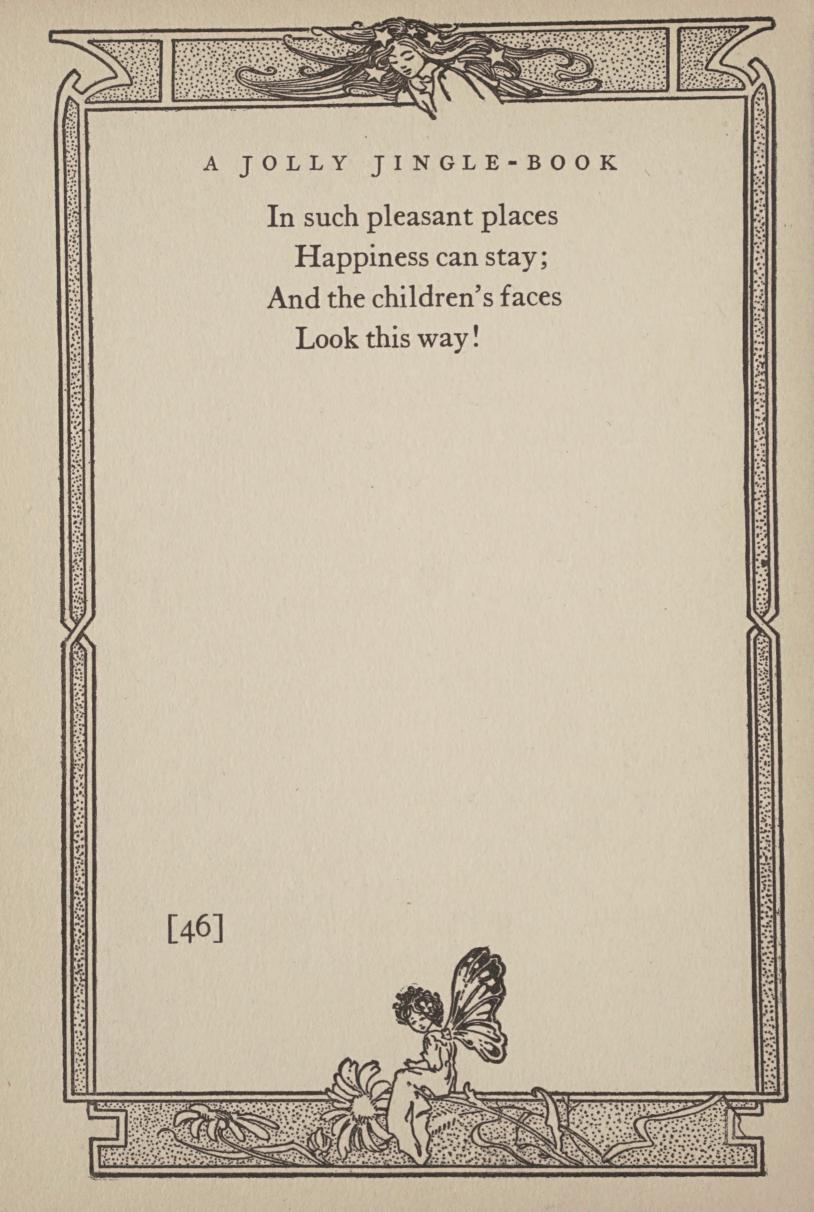
Por Eyes that snap and frown,
Lips where crosspatch brownies
Pull the corners down.

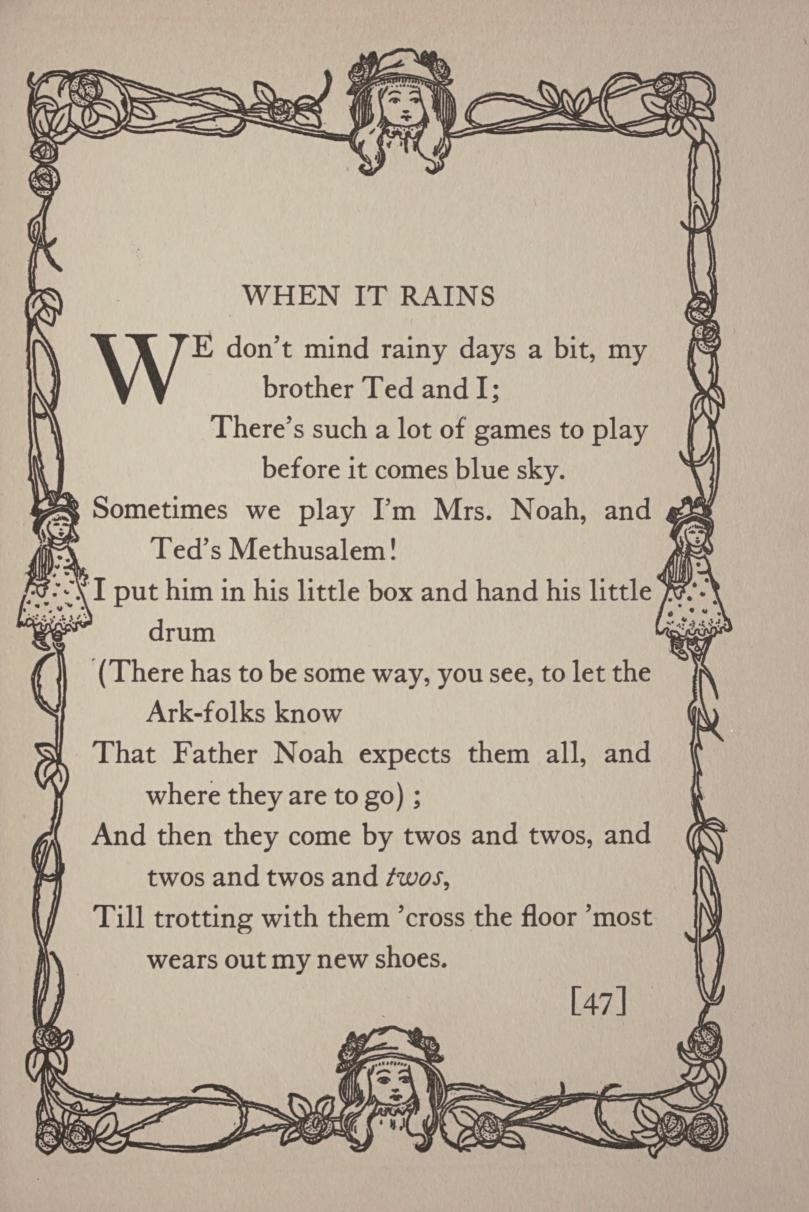
Look in all the places
Where the grumbles go,
And the children's faces
Look just so!

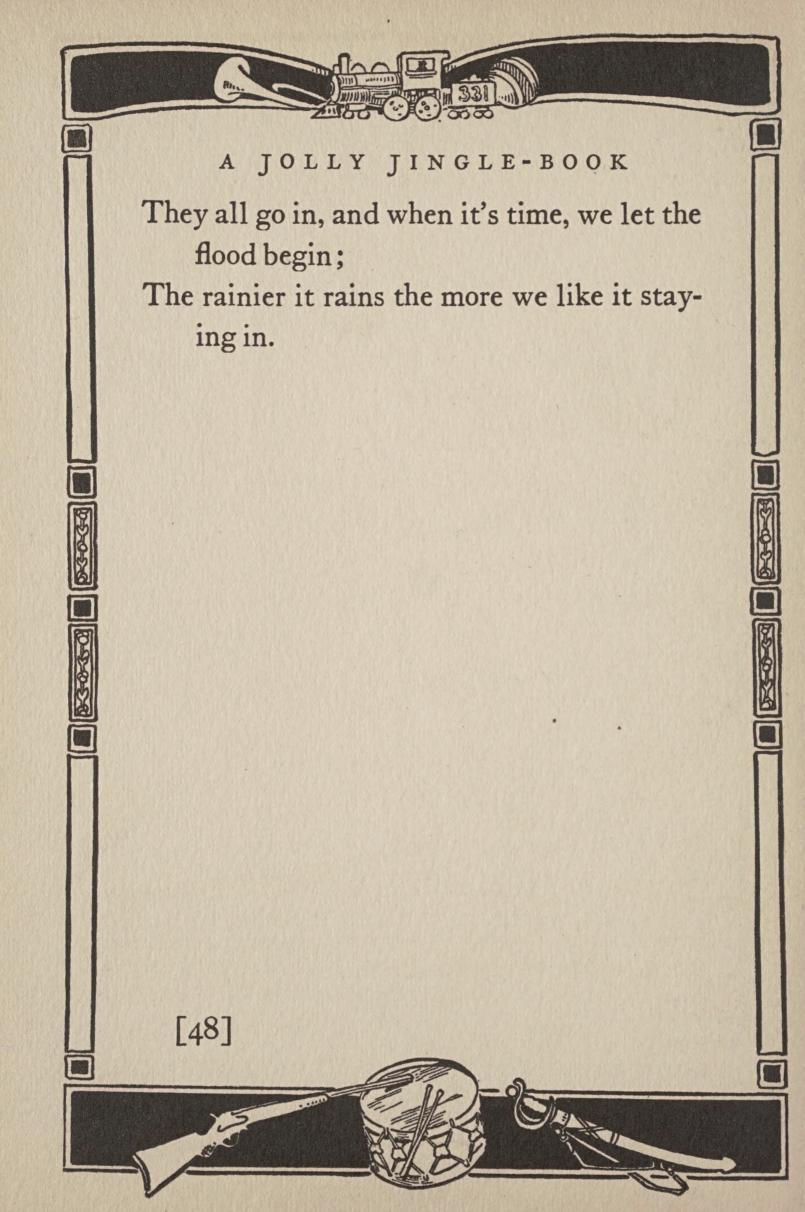
Foreheads smooth and sunny,
Dimples peeping out,
Lips that never, never
Pucker in a pout,—

[45]



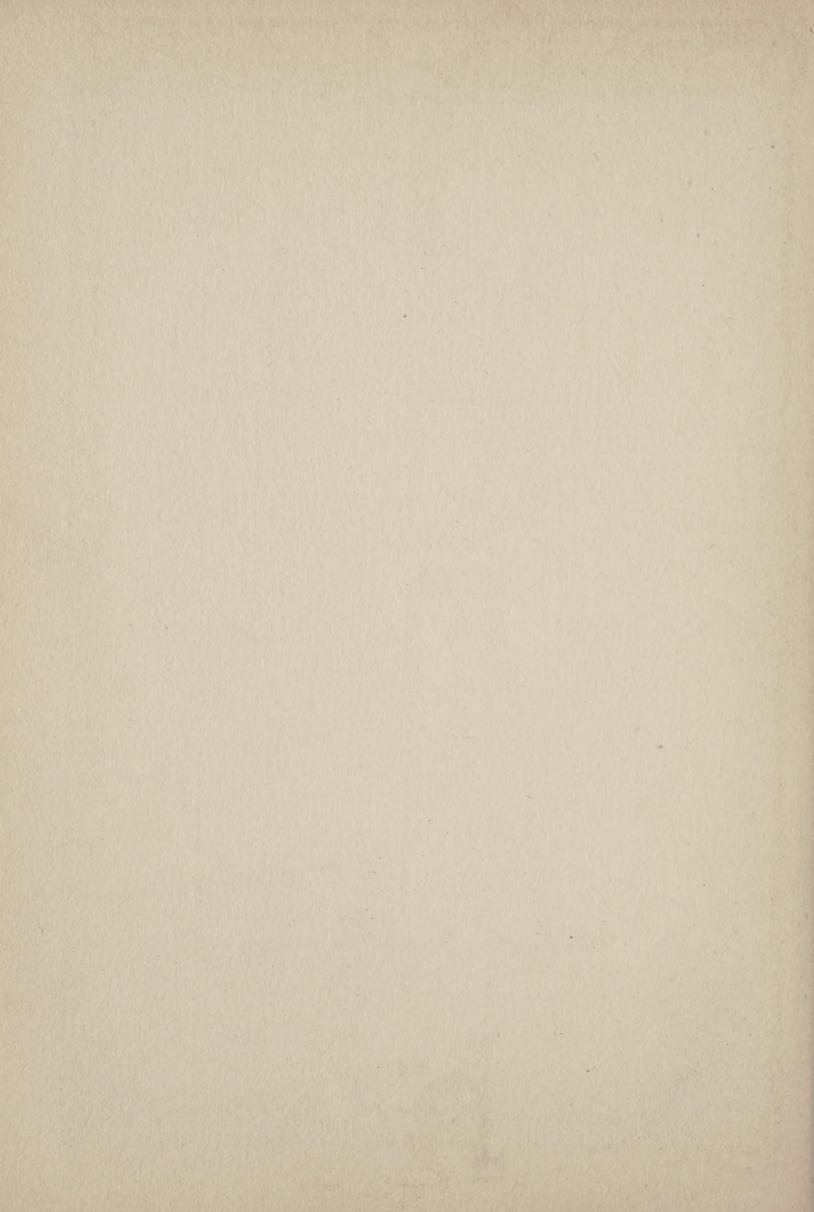








When It Rains





KISSES

And here is one to grow on!"

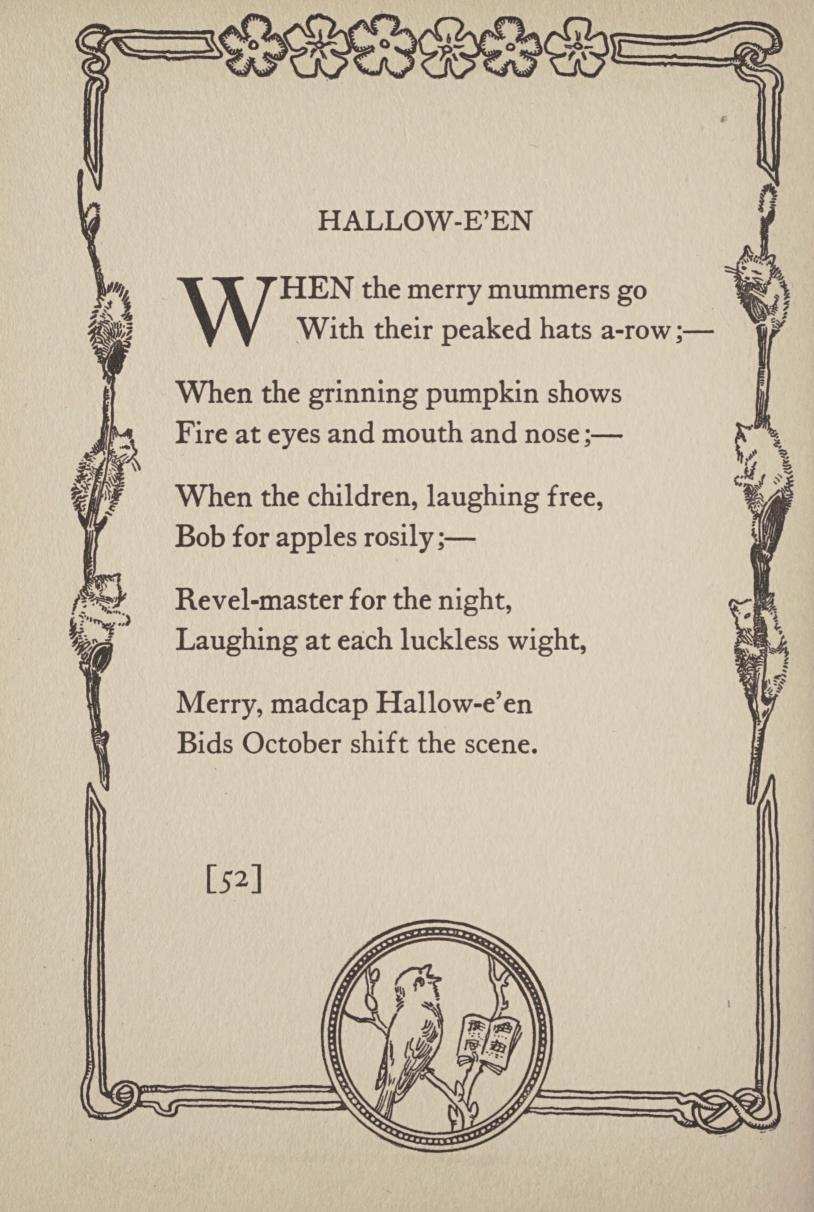
Father says and mother says

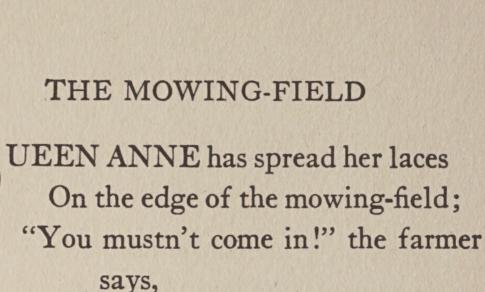
And auntie says, and so on.

"Here's a pat and there's a pat!"

If growing comes of kisses,
I know how one girl found a way
To grow as big as this is!







While his men their long knives wield;
"You are fine and dainty, I have no doubt;
But you and your tribe will please keep out!"

The ox-eye daisies daring—
There are hundreds over the wall!
"Off with their heads!" the farmer says,
"I have often warned them all."
And each golden head, with its frilly cap
Lies limp and still in the meadow's lap.



A BIG PLAYFELLOW

I T'S lots of fun down in the grass,
A-watching all the things that pass!
You won't come too? I wonder why!
It's fun a-playing with the sky!

I guess you are too tall to see;
If you would come down here with me,
And just ungrow a little, you
Could see just what you wanted to.

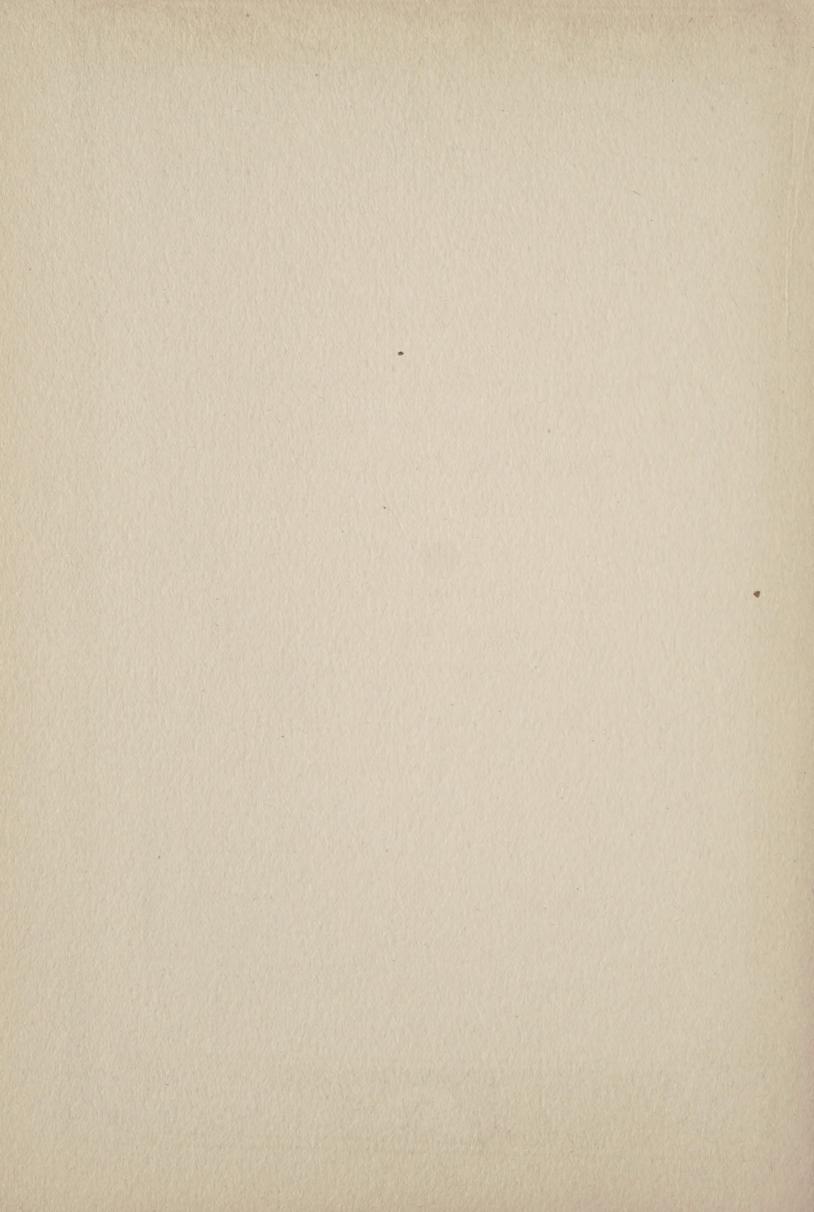
Such big cloud-ships with sails spread out
To catch the breeze that's all about!
And big gray birds with soft cloud-wings,
And wolves and bears and tiger things!

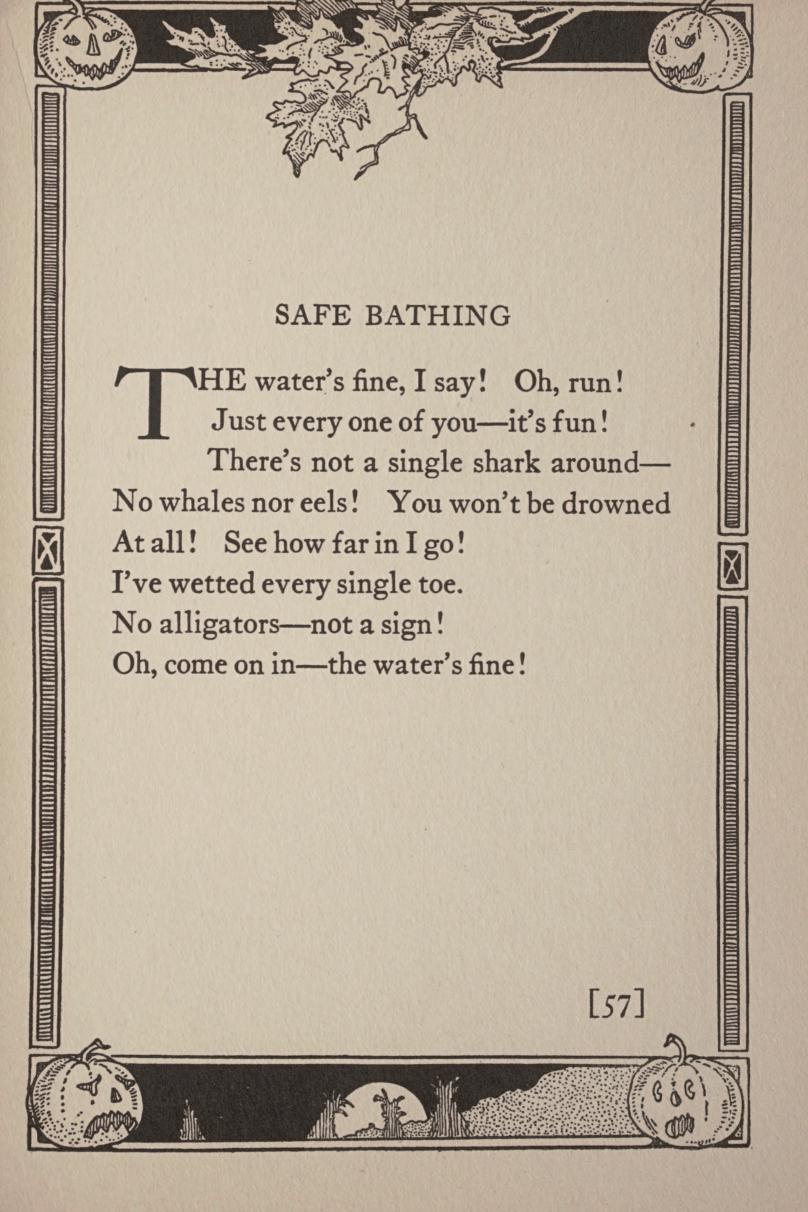
Just lying down here in the grass,
I've seen about a million pass;
They creep and run and sail and fly—
It's fun a-playing with the sky!

[54]



A Big Playfellow









IN HAYING-TIME

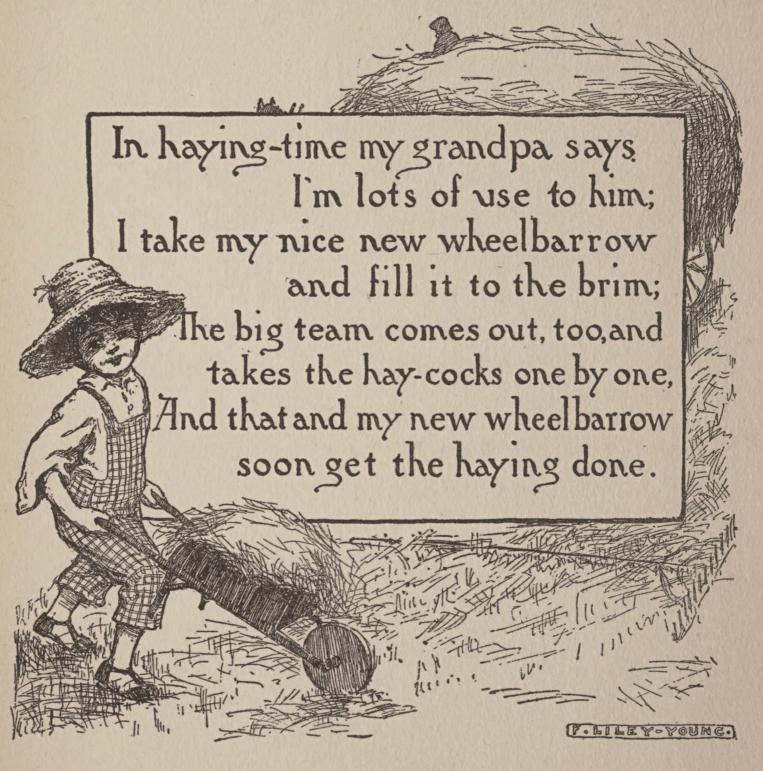
I'm lots of use to him;
I take my nice new wheelbarrow
And fill it to the brim;
The big team comes out, too, and takes
The haycocks one by one;
And that and my new wheelbarrow
Soon get the haying done.

[58]





% % % HAYING-TIME % % %





THE SONGS OF THE CLOCKS

Sings the little parlor clock.

"Ticker-ticker, ticker-ticker!"

Cries the Kitchen Clock. "Go quicker!

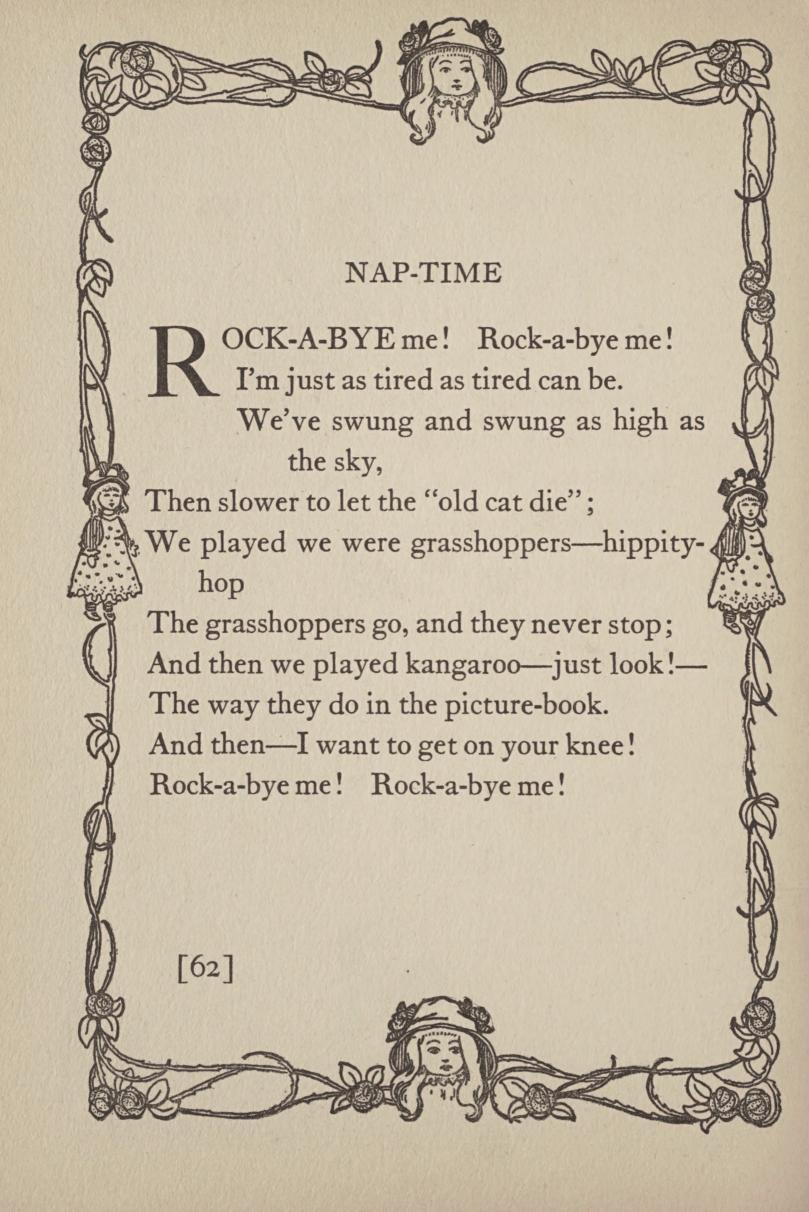
Meal-times never are quite ready,—

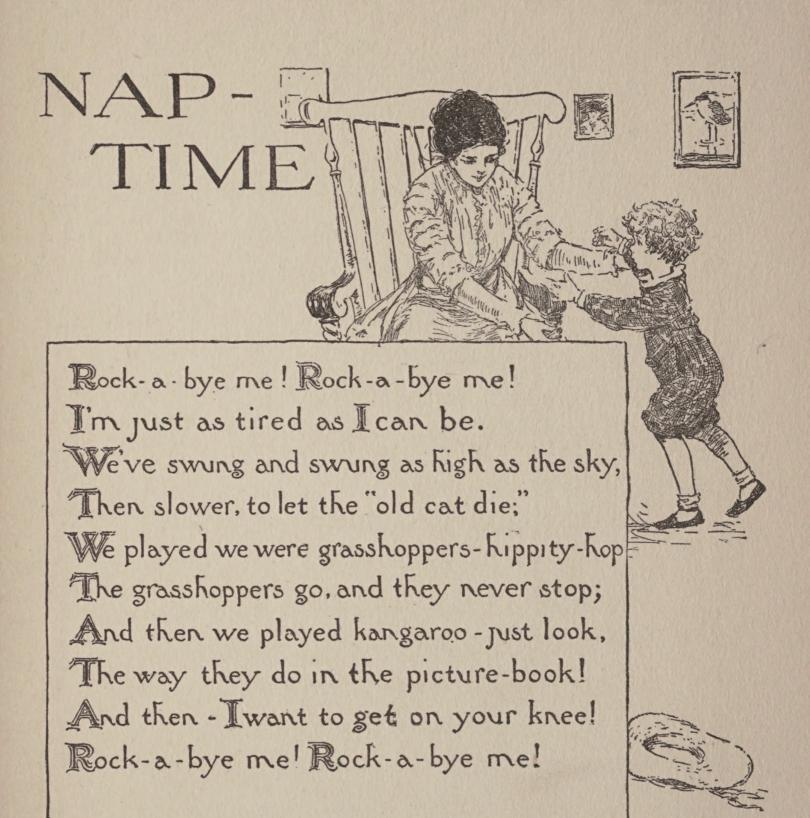
Here come hungry Tad and Freddy!"

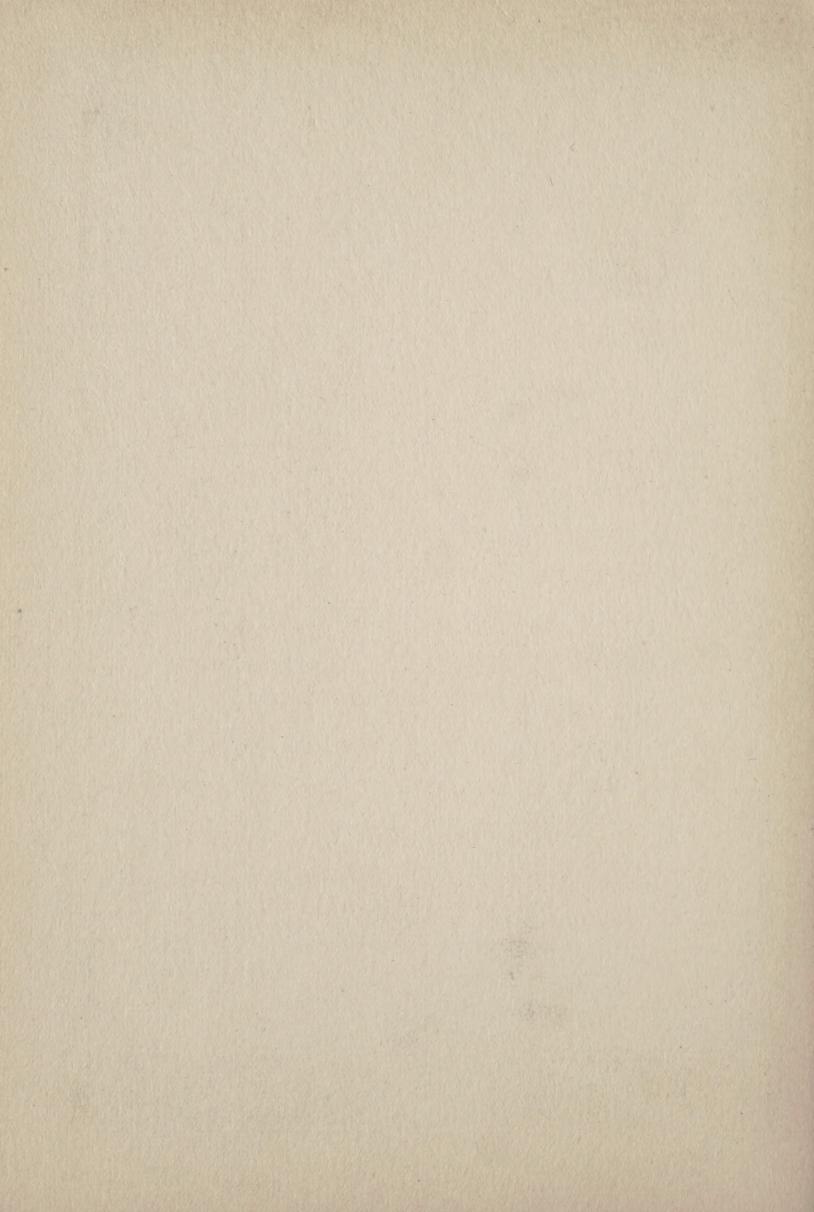
"Ti-ick-tock! ti-ick-tock!"

Drawls the old Grandfather Clock,
In the hallway by the door,
Where a hundred years or more
It has told the minutes slow
For—a—girl—who—hates—to—sew.
(That's the way it sounds—just so!)

[61]









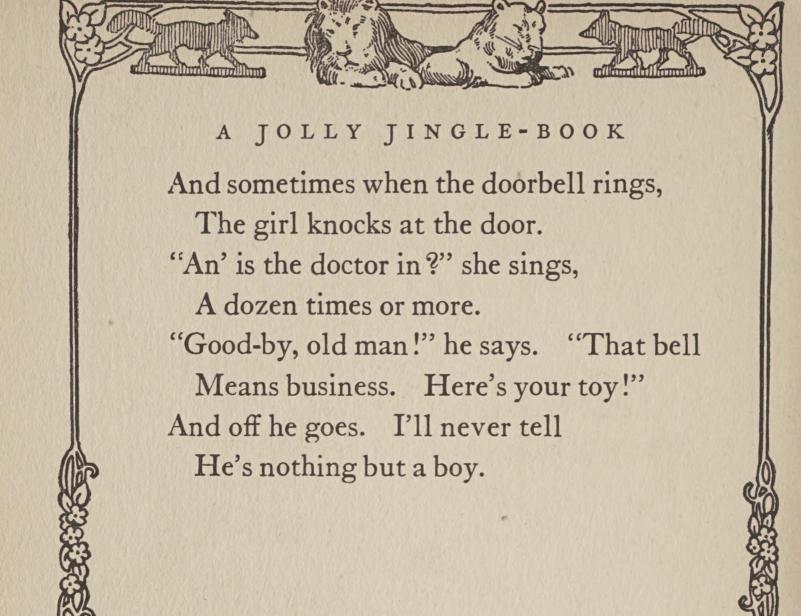
SECRETS

I KNOW a man that's big and tall,
With glasses on his nose,
And canes and shiny hats and all
Such grown-up things as those;
But we have secrets I won't tell!
Here in the nursery,
Before they ring the dinner-bell,
He's just a boy like me.

He comes home from the office, where
They think he's just a man
The same as they are, with his hair
All slick and spick and span.
Oh, don't I make it in a mess!
It makes us scream for joy.
"Sh—sh!" he says, "they mustn't guess
I'm nothing but a boy!"

[65]

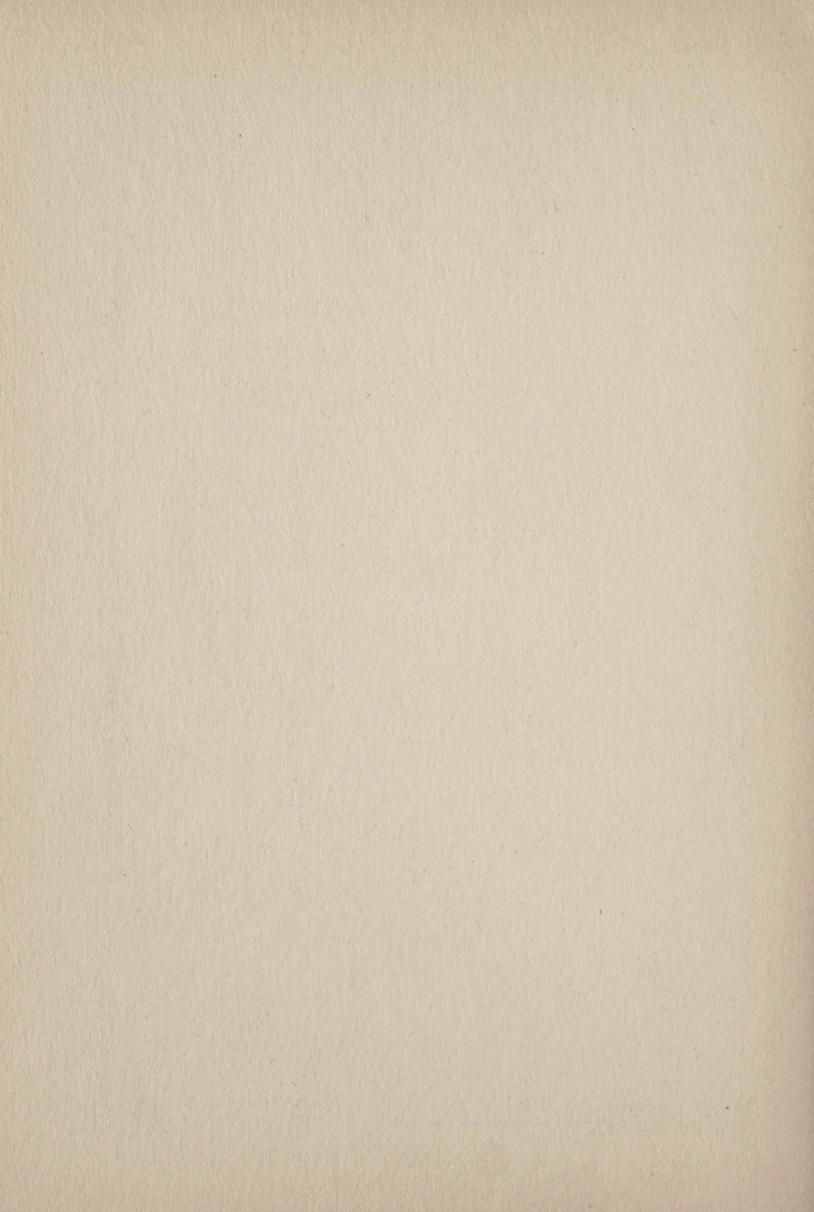


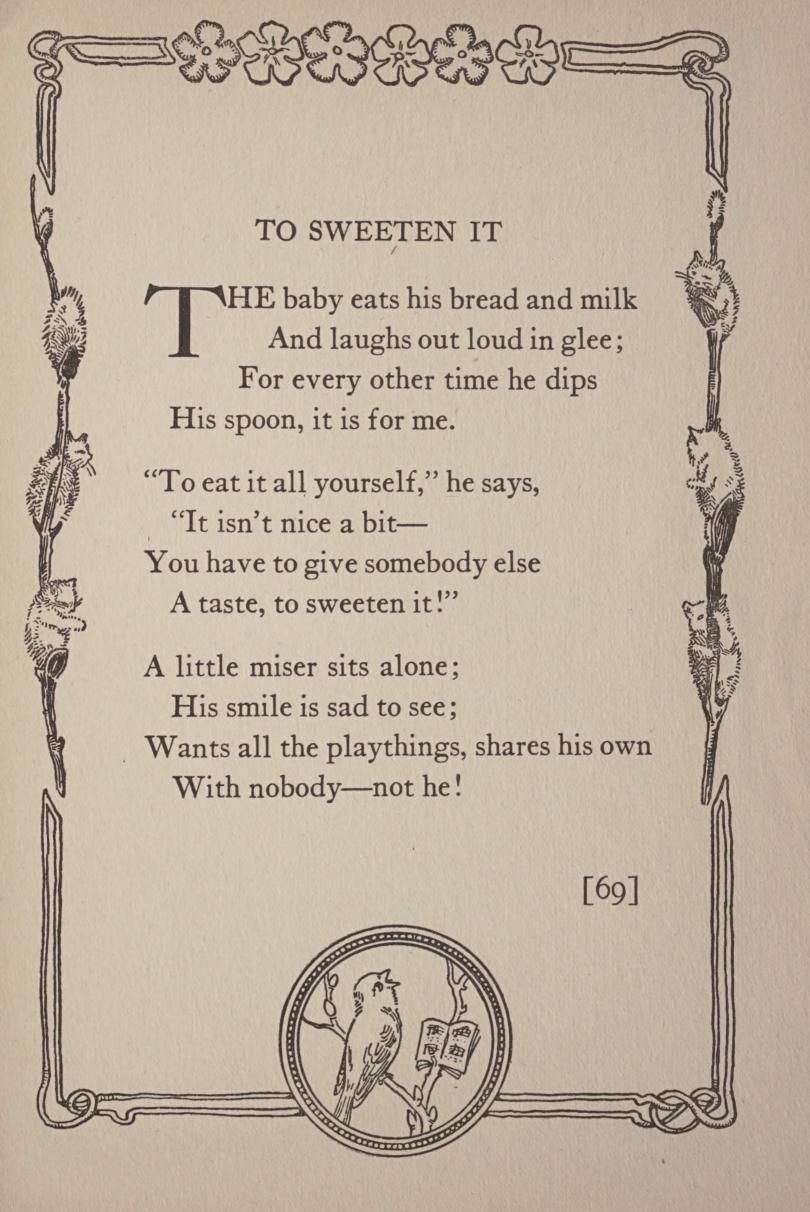


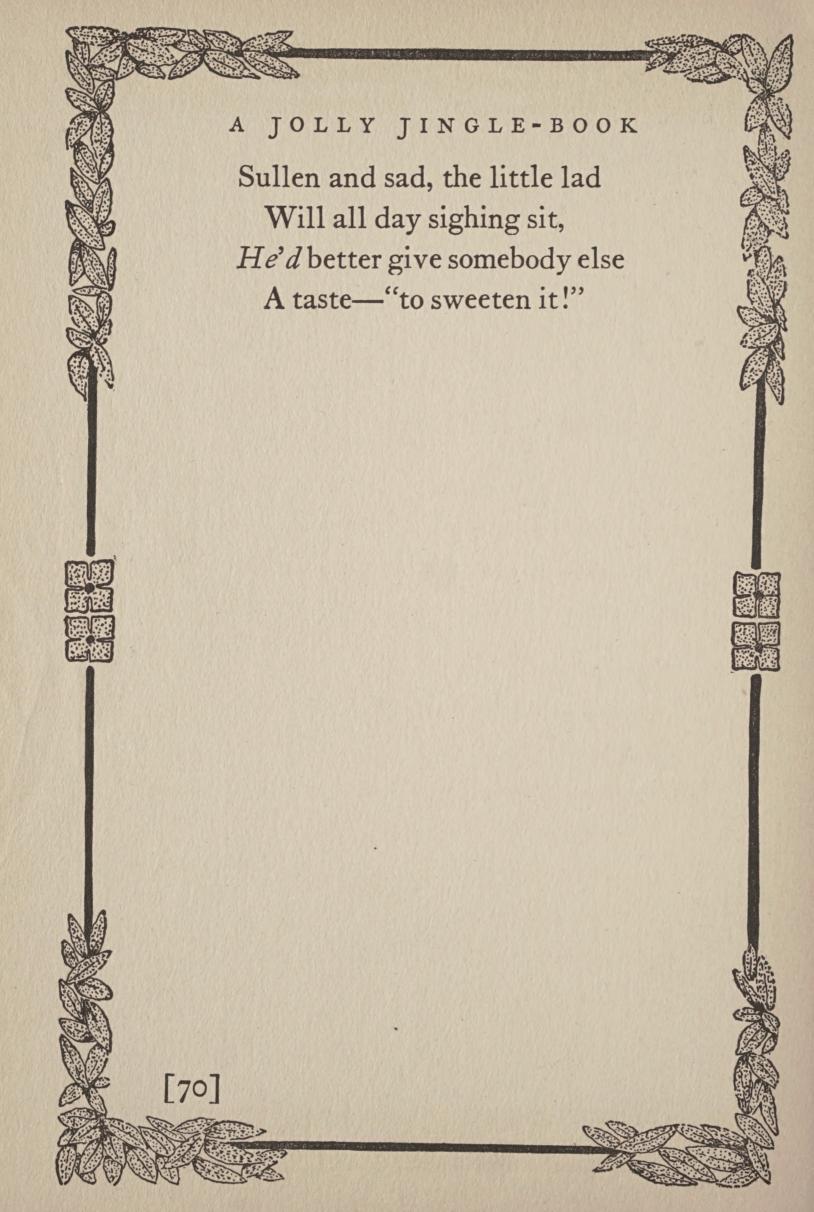




Secrets









A CHRISTMAS "TELEPHONE"

GT JLLO, Mr. Santa! Ullo! Ullo! Ullo! Ullo!

It must be 'most to Christmas, and I think you ought to know

About the things we're needing most—of course I'd like a doll,

And Jimmy wants a rocking-horse, and Charlie wants a ball.

"And all of us would like a lot of striped candy sticks

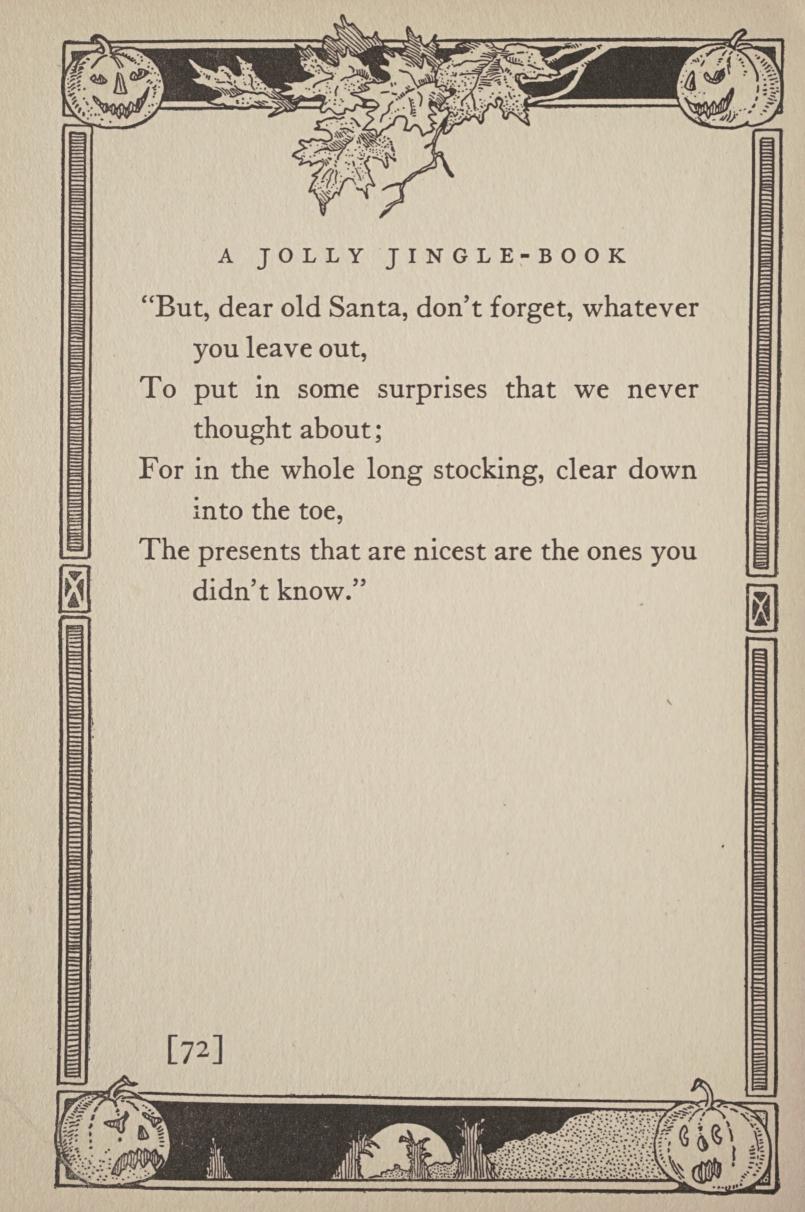
(There's just six boys and girls of us—be sure to make it six),

And gum-drops; and oh, if you could, some red-and-white gibraltars!

I had some once, and half was mine, and half of them was Walter's.

[71]









A LOST BABY

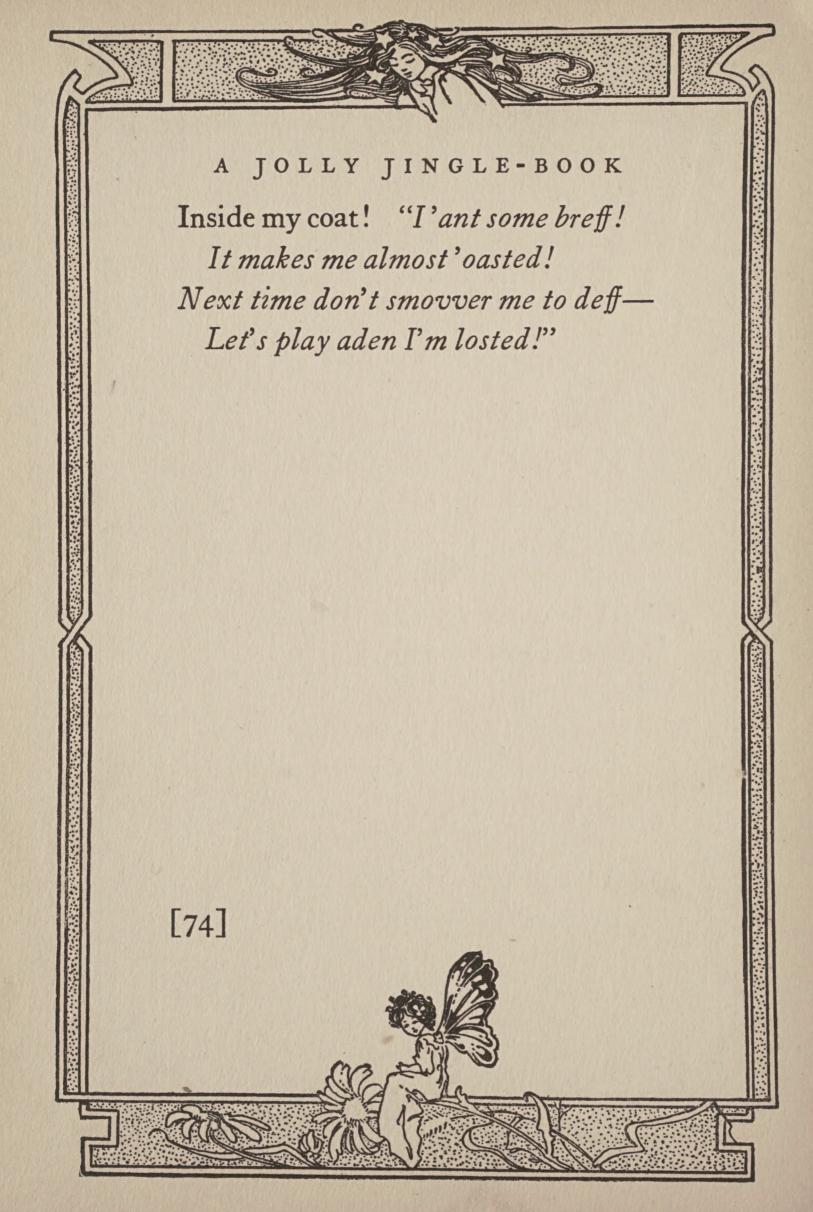
BABY'S hidden all away!
Nobody can find her!
Where's the baby, mamma? Say,
Let's go look behind her!

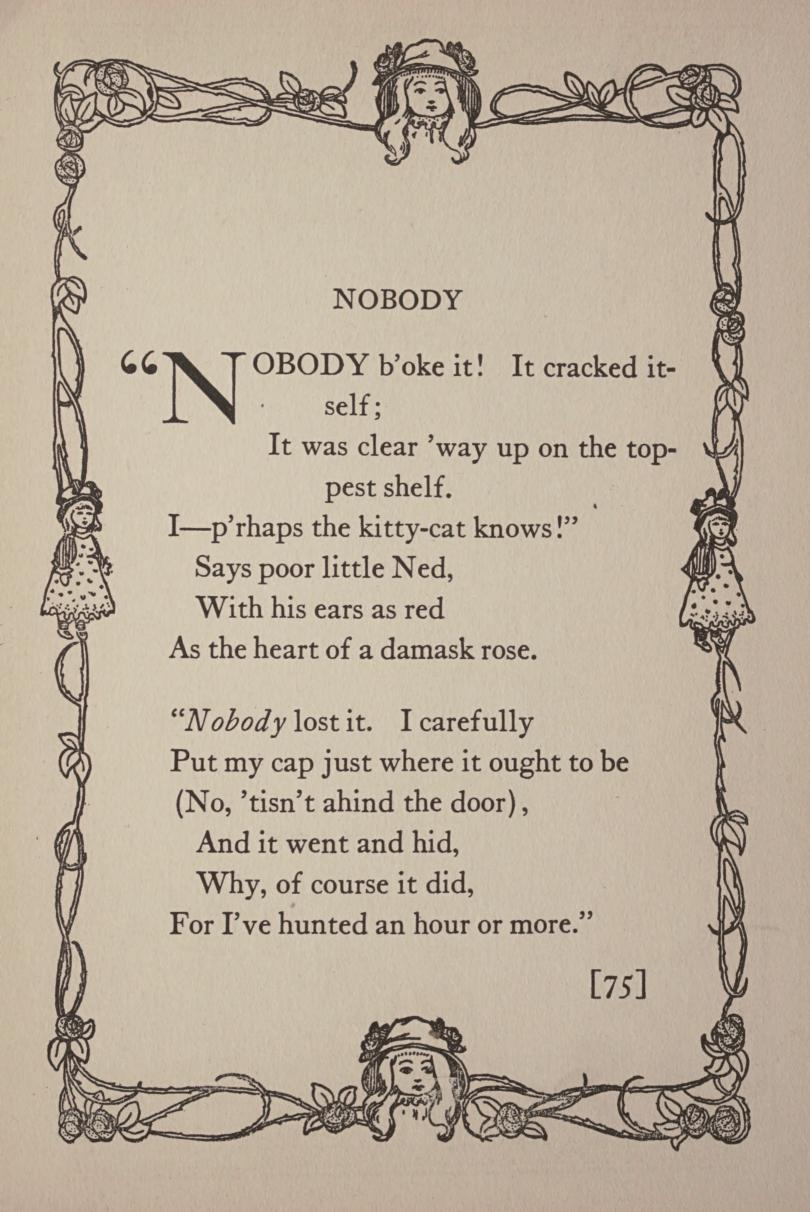
Baby? No, she isn't there—
Have we lost our baby?
Let's go hunting down the stair,
There we'll find her, maybe.

Papa's lost his little girl!
What will he do for kisses?
What is this? A yellow curl?
And please to say what this is

[73]









A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK

"Nobody tore it! You know things will
Tear if you're sitting just stock stone still!
I was just jumping over the fence—
There's some spikes on top,
And you have to drop
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! Wicked Sir Nobody!

Playing such tricks on my children three!

If I but set eyes on you,

You should find what you've lost!—

But that, to my cost,

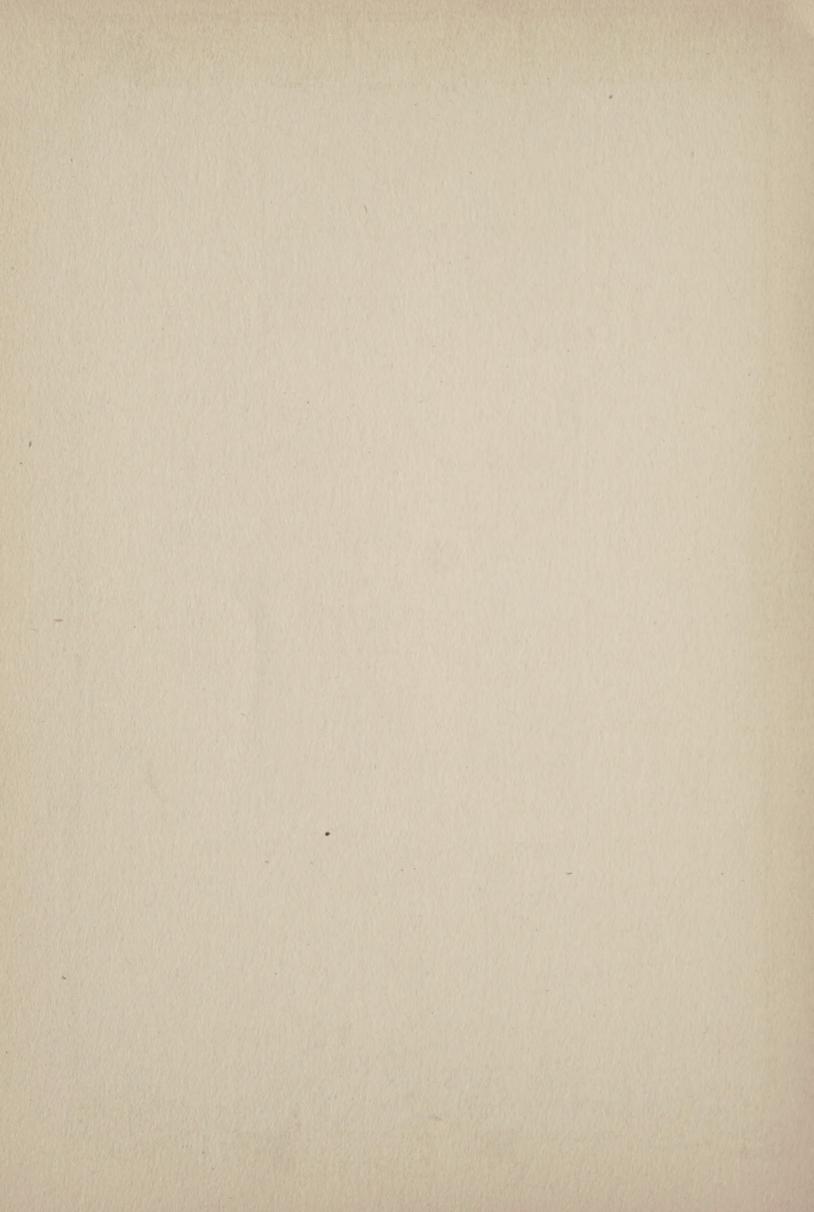
I never am like to do!







[77]





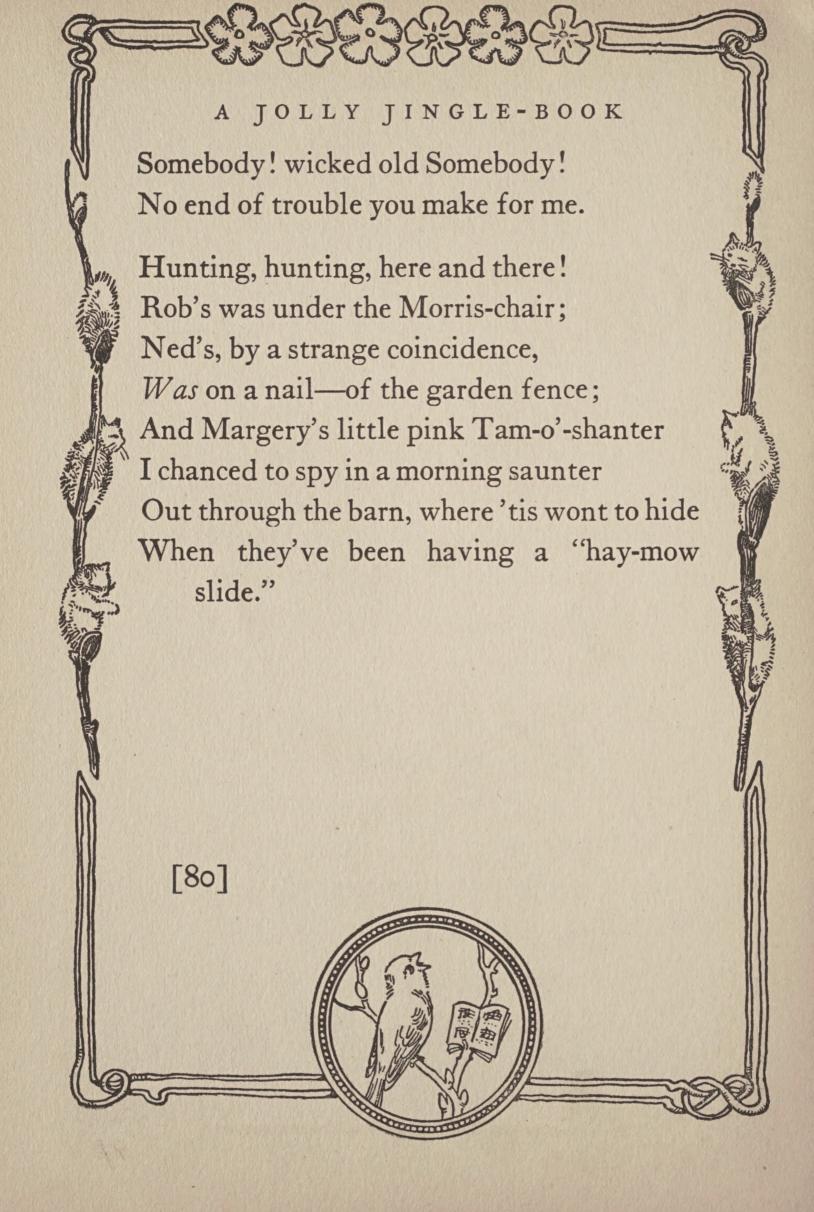
H UNTING, hunting, high and low, Where do the caps and "tammies" go?

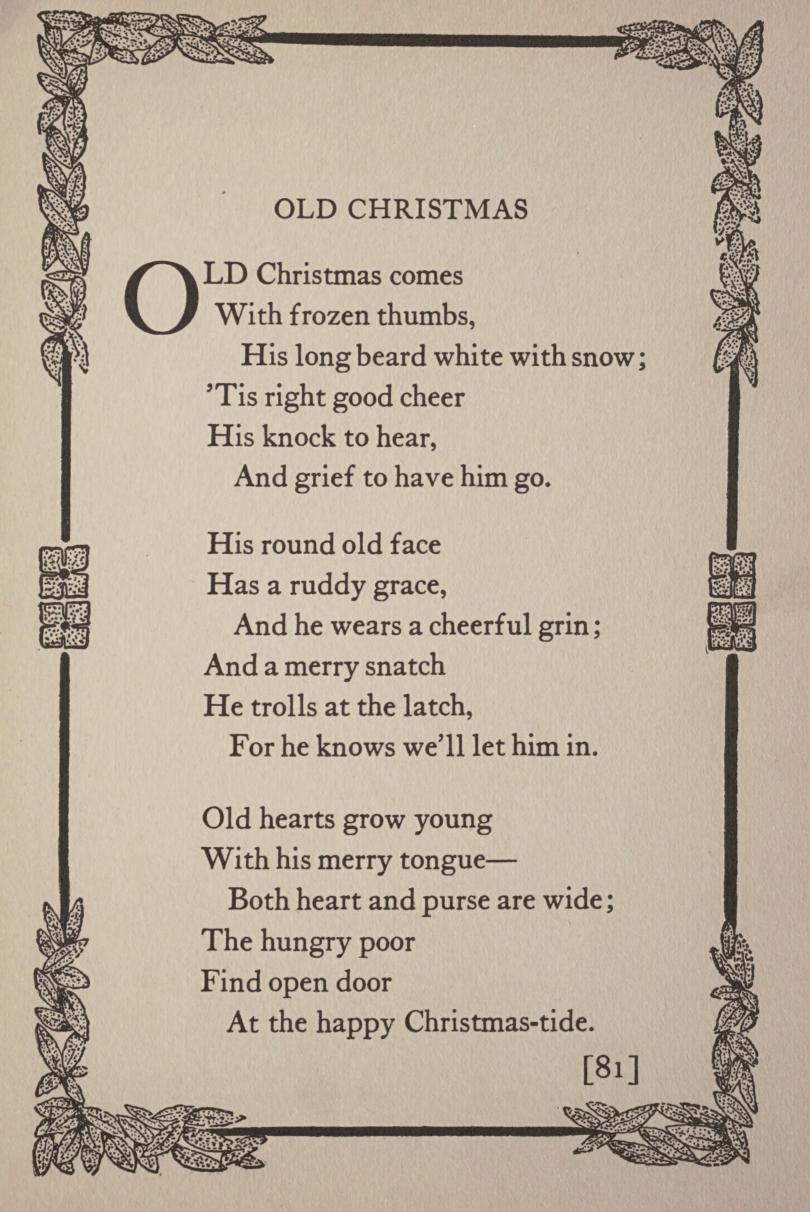
Ned's—he hung it, he knows he did,
Right on a nail, and it went and hid!
Rob's—"Well, mother, I'm almost sure
I hung it"—"Right on the parlor floor?"
"Where is my 'Tam'?" cried Margery;
And the household echoes, "Where can it be?"

"Somebody does it!" Yes, they do!
And not a person to "lay things to!"
Ned will sputter and Rob complain,
And Margery weeps till it looks like rain;
And the family puts its glasses on
And hunts and hunts till the day is gone;

[79]





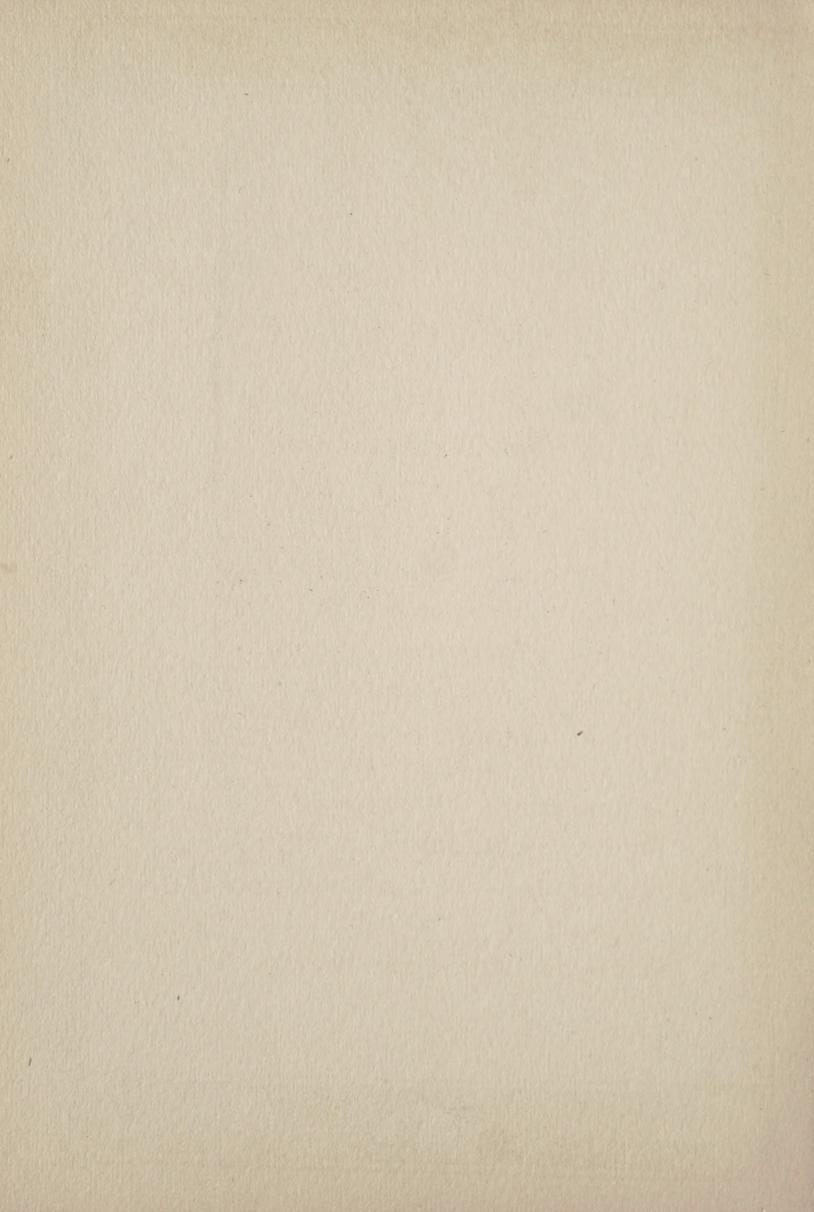


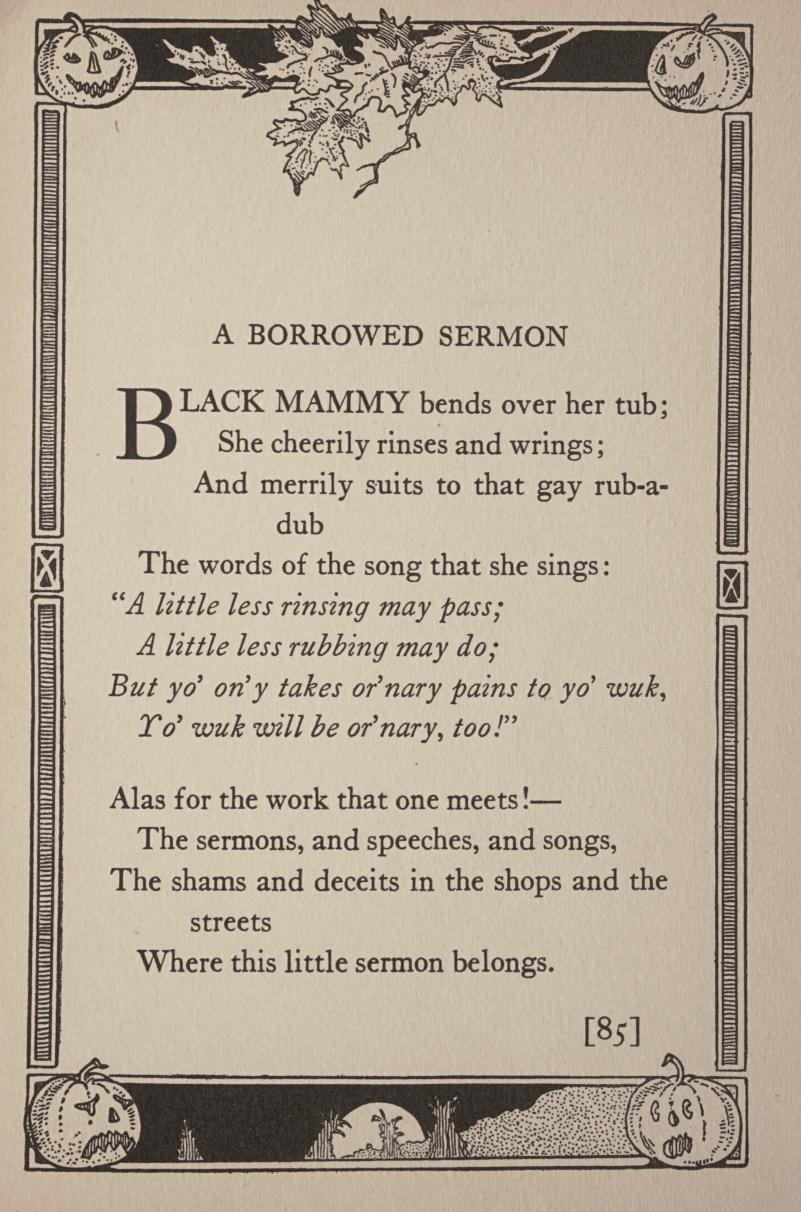


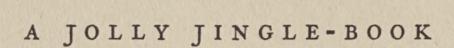
The children dance,
And the babies prance,
For the tiniest toddler knows
'Tis a world of drums
And dolls and plums,
Where the jolly old pilgrim goes.



Old Christmas







To whom, then, her song may concern
(My boy and my girl, is it you?):

If you only take "or nary" pains with your work,

Your work will be "or nary," too.

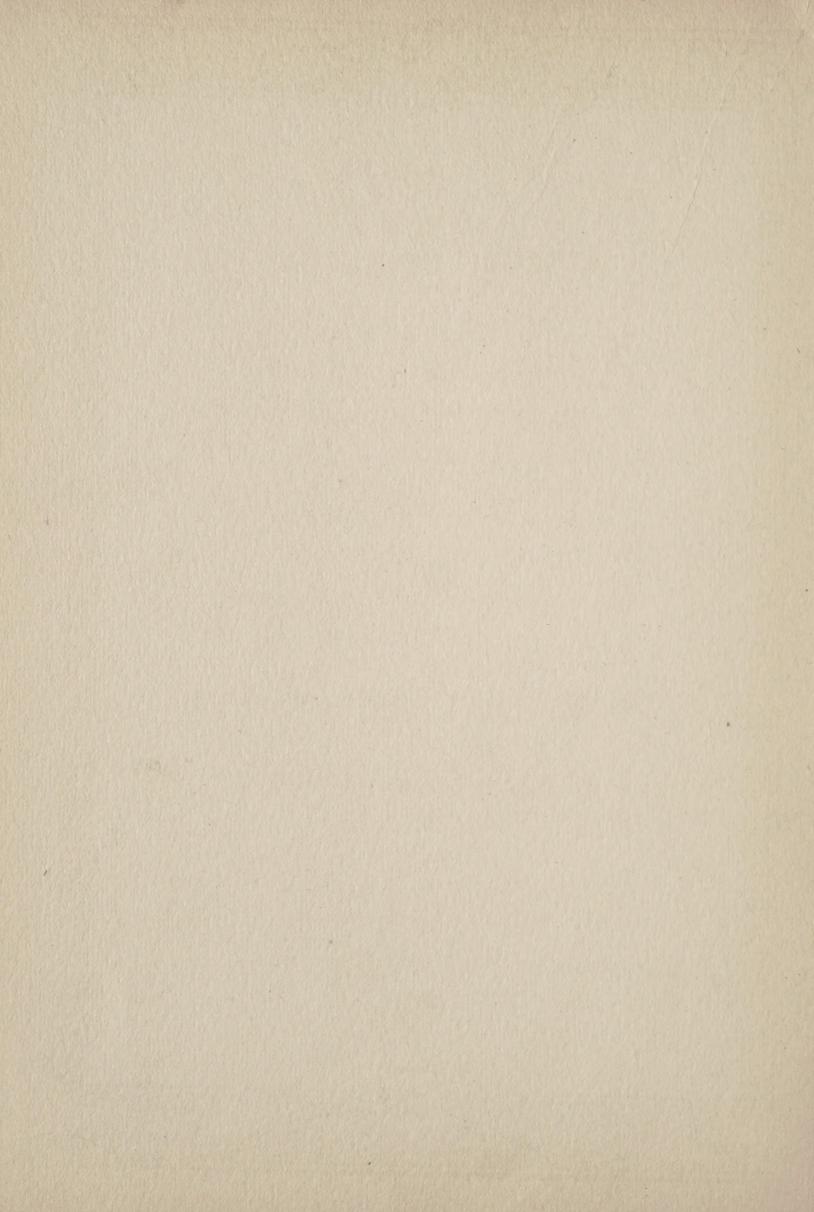


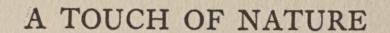






A Borrowed Sermon





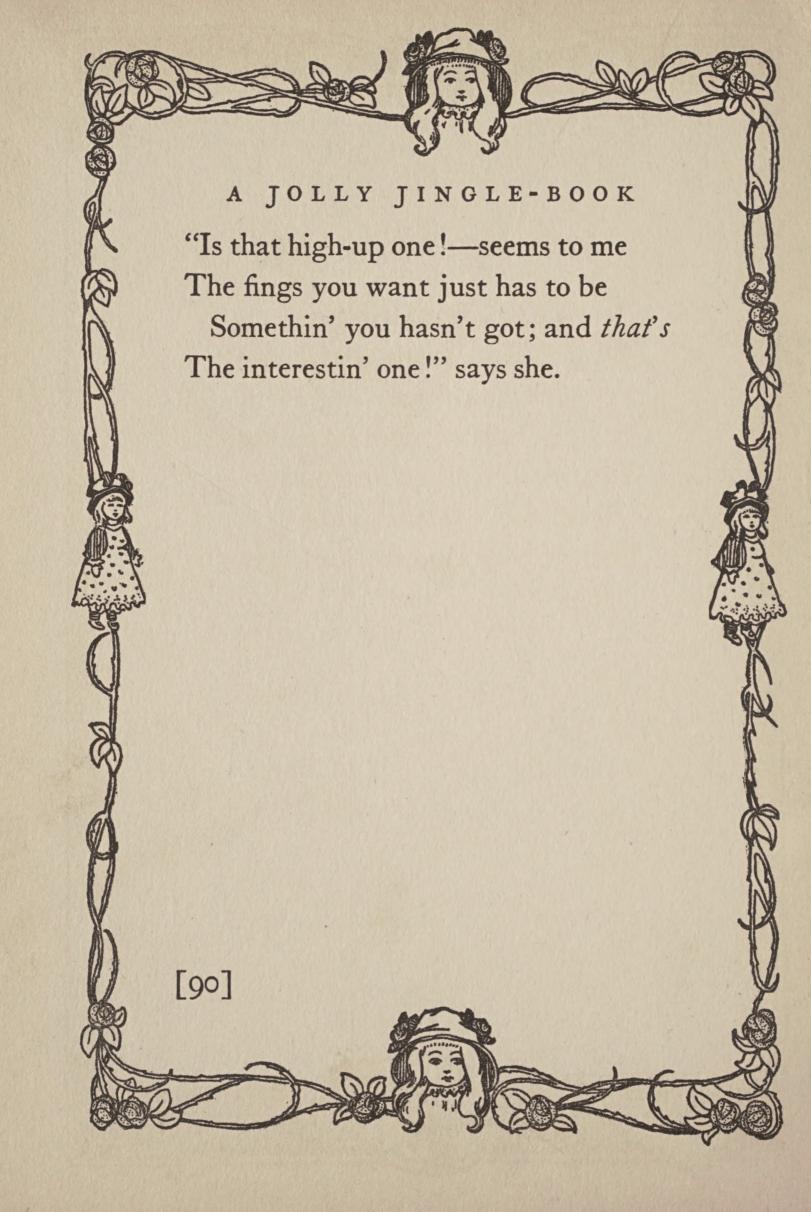
A LITTLE maid upon my knee
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily;
"I'm tired out of dressin' dolls,
And havin' stories read," says she.

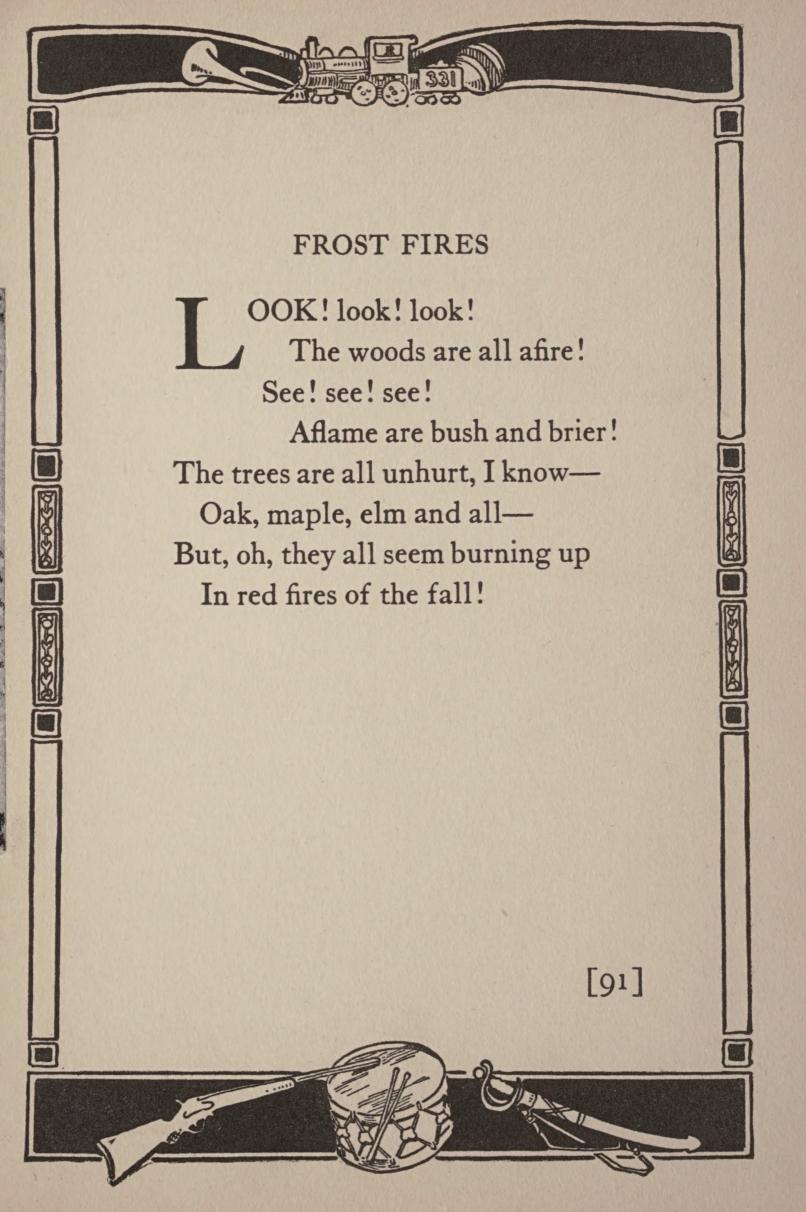
"There is a book, if I could see,
I should be happy, puffickly!

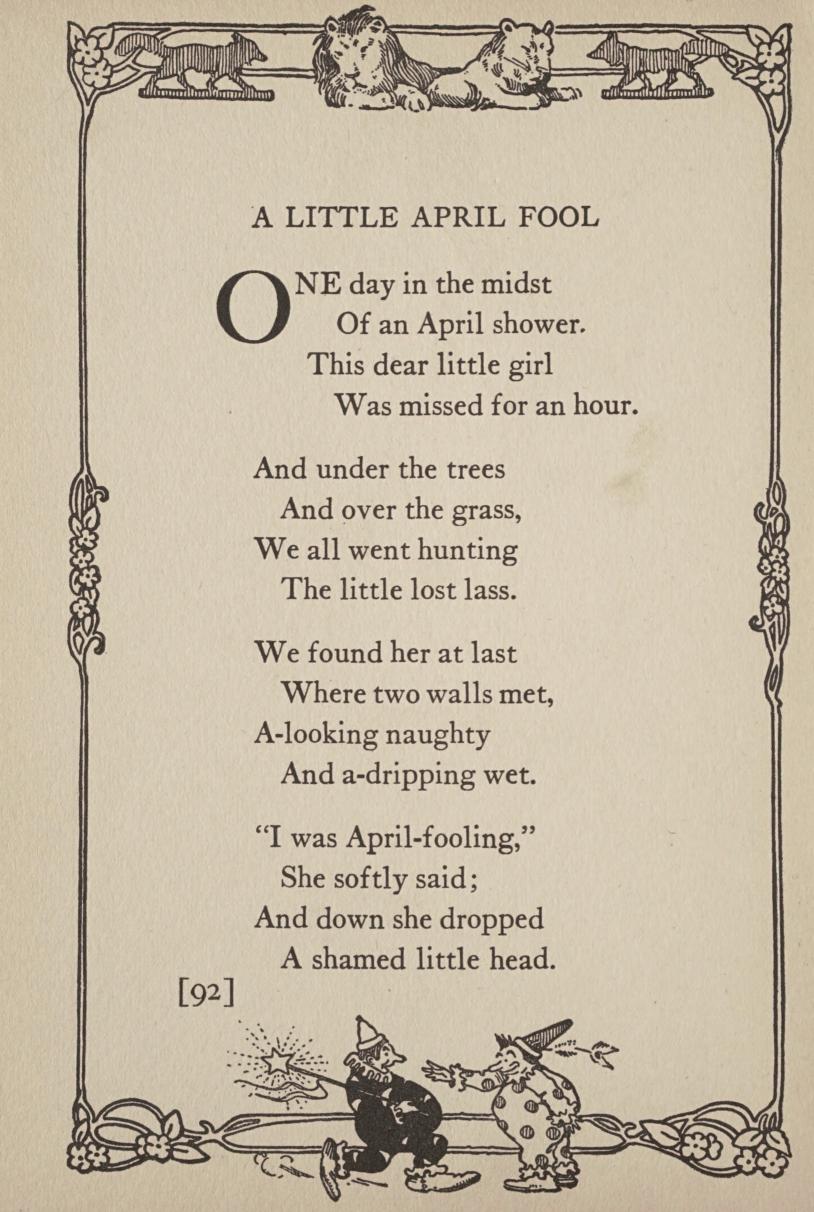
My mamma keeps it on a shelf—
"But that you cannot have," says she!"

"But here's your Old Man of the Sea, And Jack the Giant!" (Lovingly I tried the little maid to soothe.) "The interestin' one," says she,

[89]

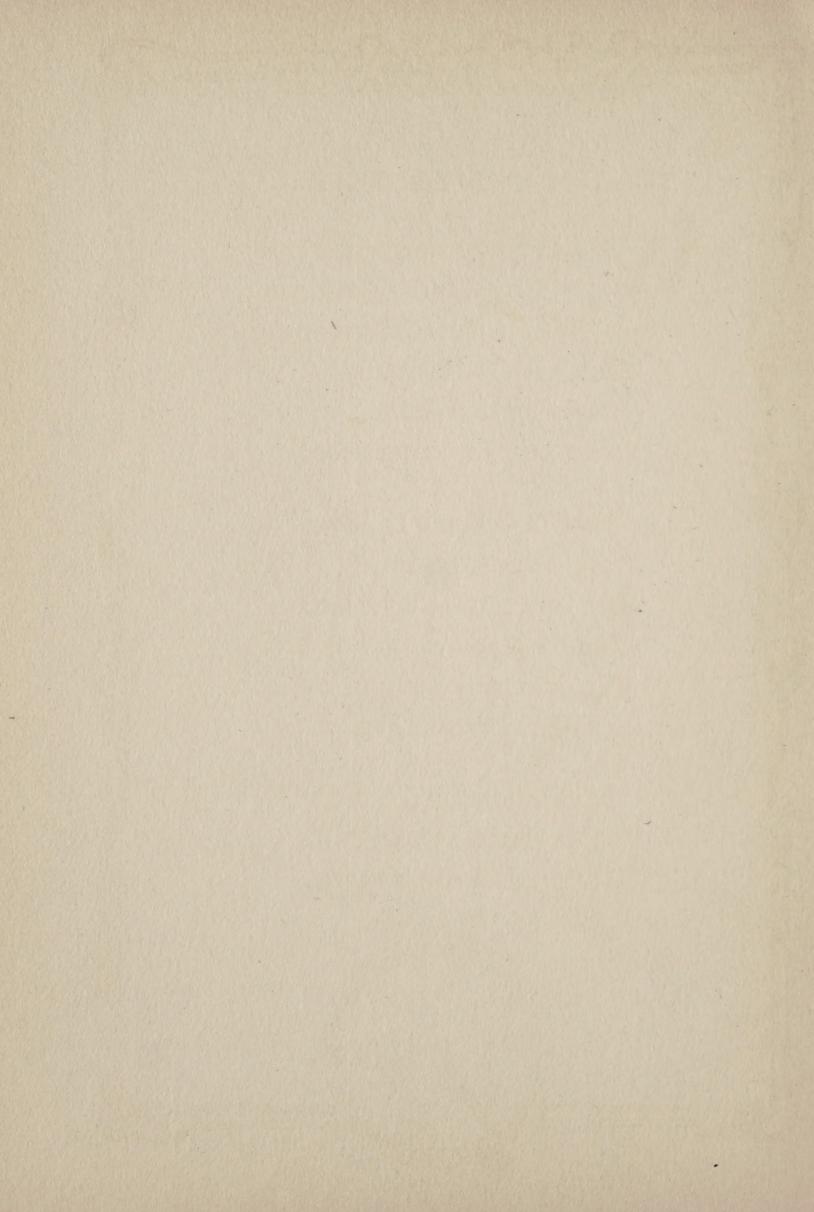


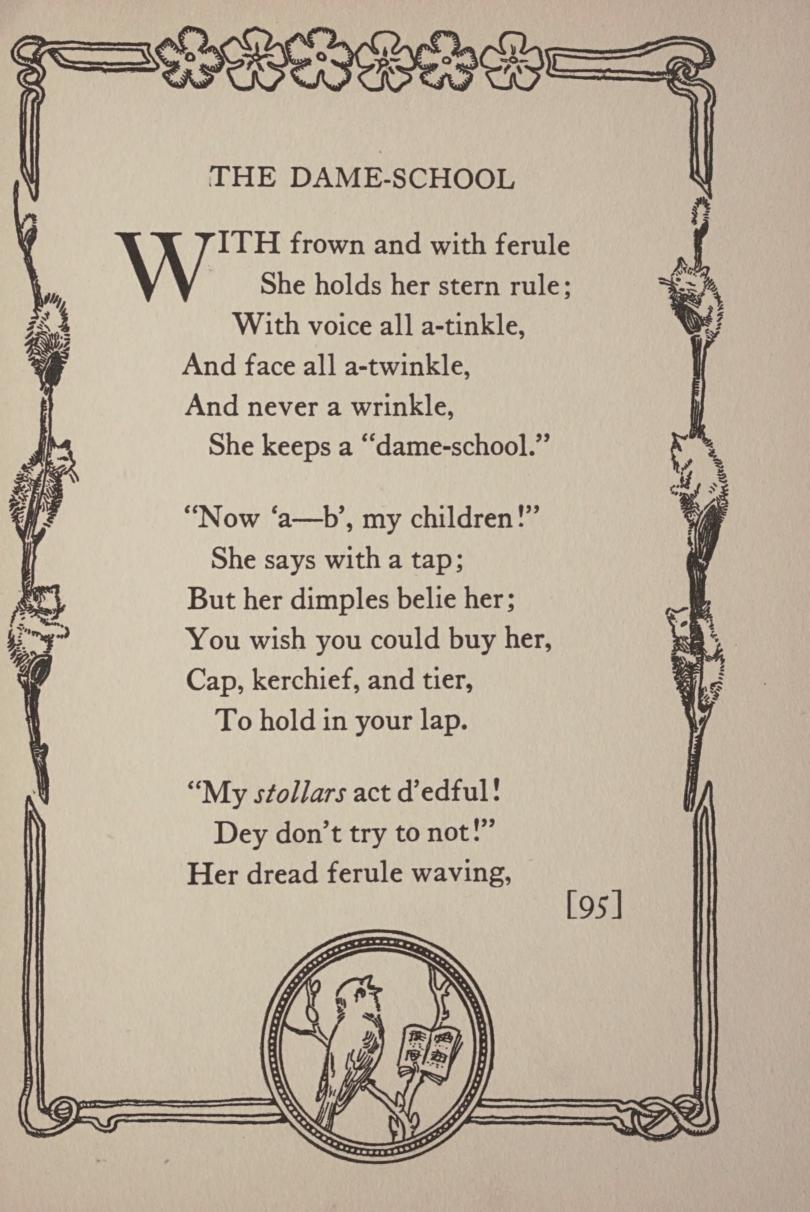


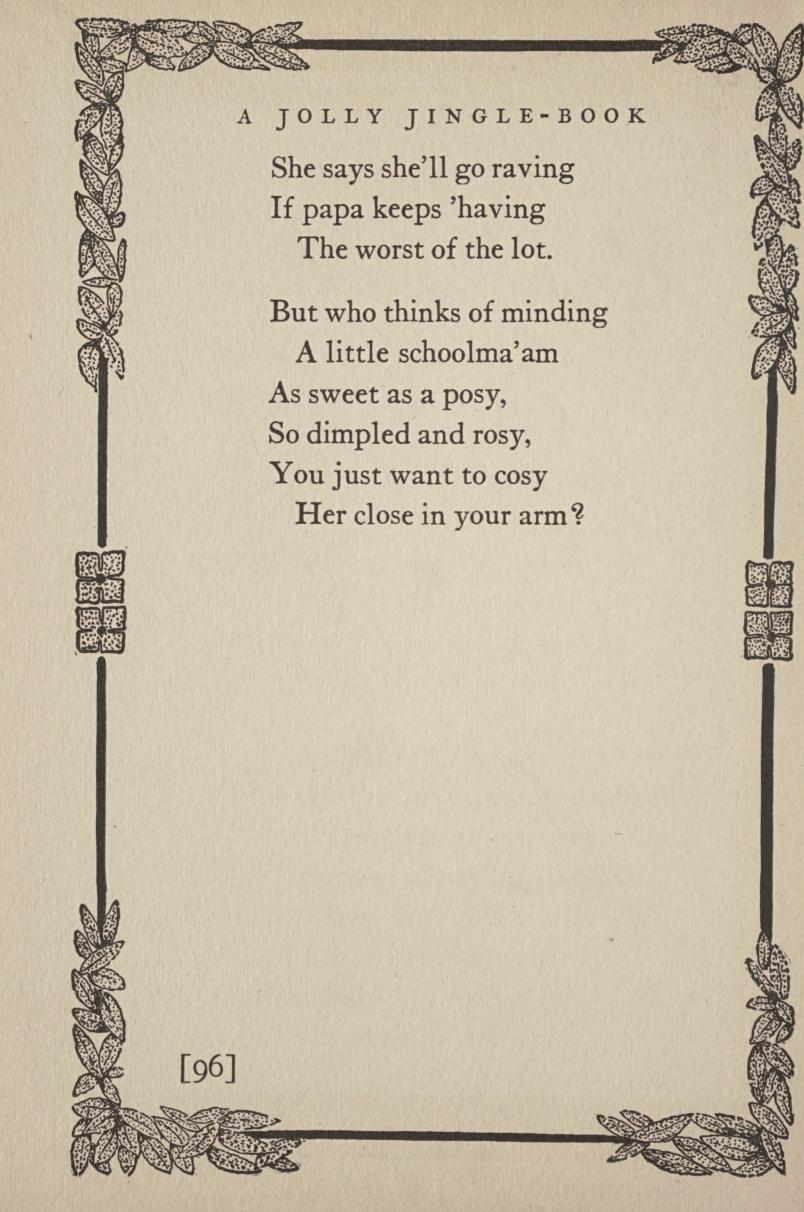




A Little April Fool









WHISTLING IN THE RAIN

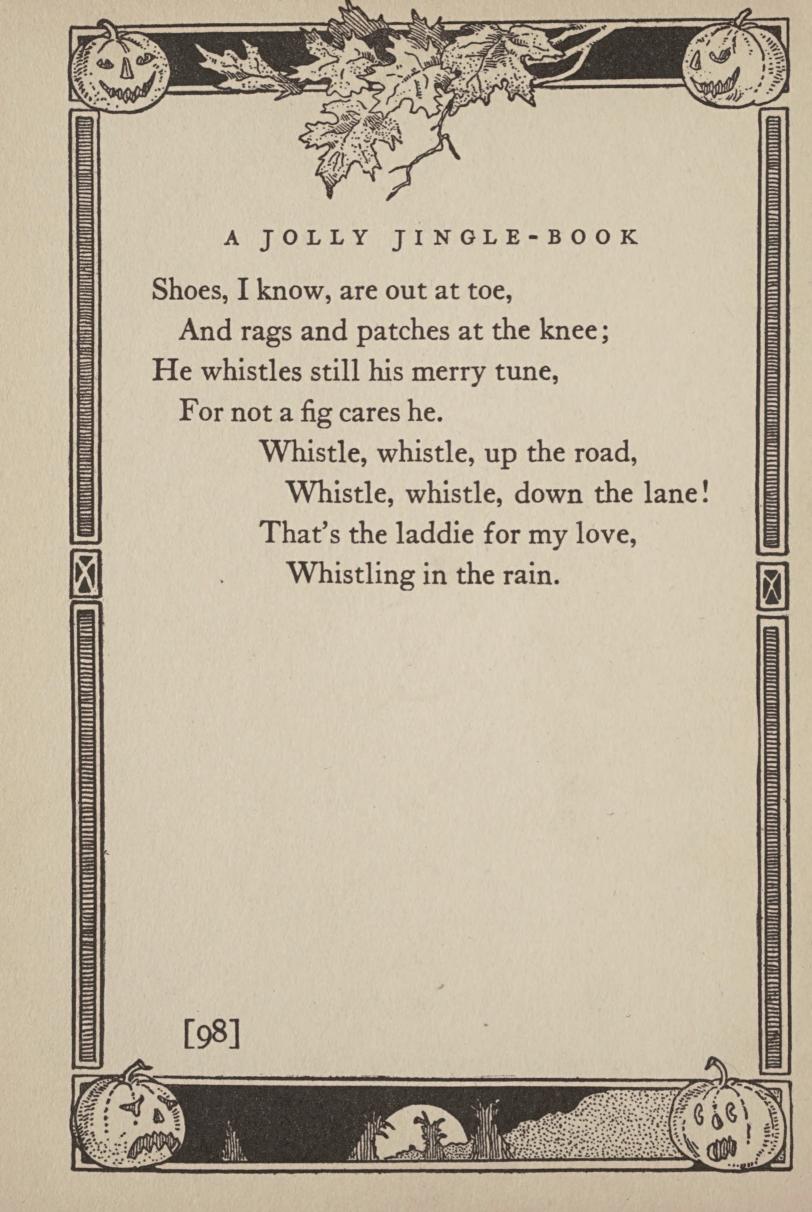
HISTLE, whistle, up the road,
And whistle, whistle down the
lane!

That's the laddie takes my heart, A-whistling in the rain.

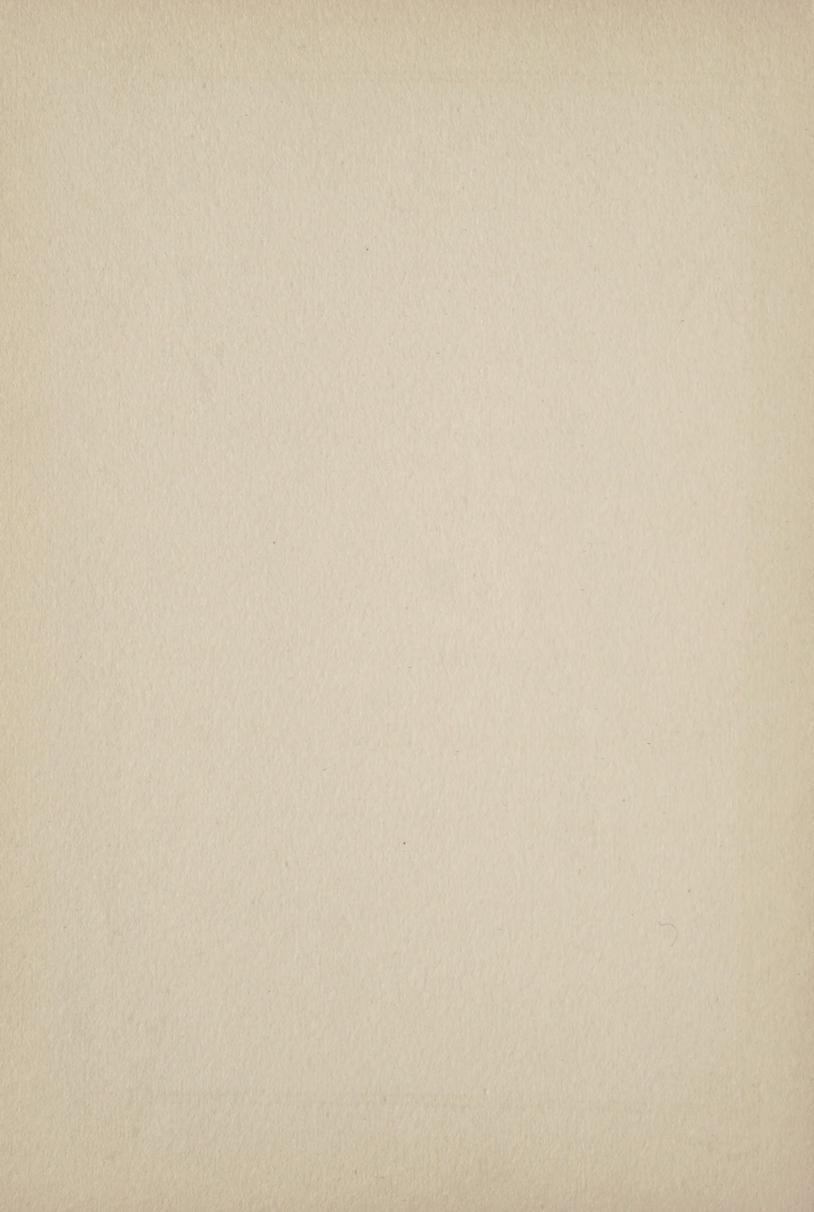
Winter wind may whistle too—
That's a comrade gay!
Naught that any wind can do
Drives his cheer away.

Whistle, whistle, sun or storm;
And whistle, whistle, warm or cold!
Underneath his ragged coat
There beats a heart of gold.
He will keep a courage high,
Bear the battle's brunt;
Let the coward whine and cry!—
His the soldier's front.

[97]









CHUMS

E'RE chums, and we love it—dear father and I!

He's tall and grown-up, of course—ever so high!

But you don't mind that, though you're little as me;

He always stoops down, or you sit on his knee

When you're chums.

We go for long walks—he says, "Now for a hike!"—

With beautiful talks about things that I like;

Some folks do not care about beetles and toads

[101]



A JOLLY JINGLE-BOOK

And little green snakes that you find in the roads,

But we're chums.

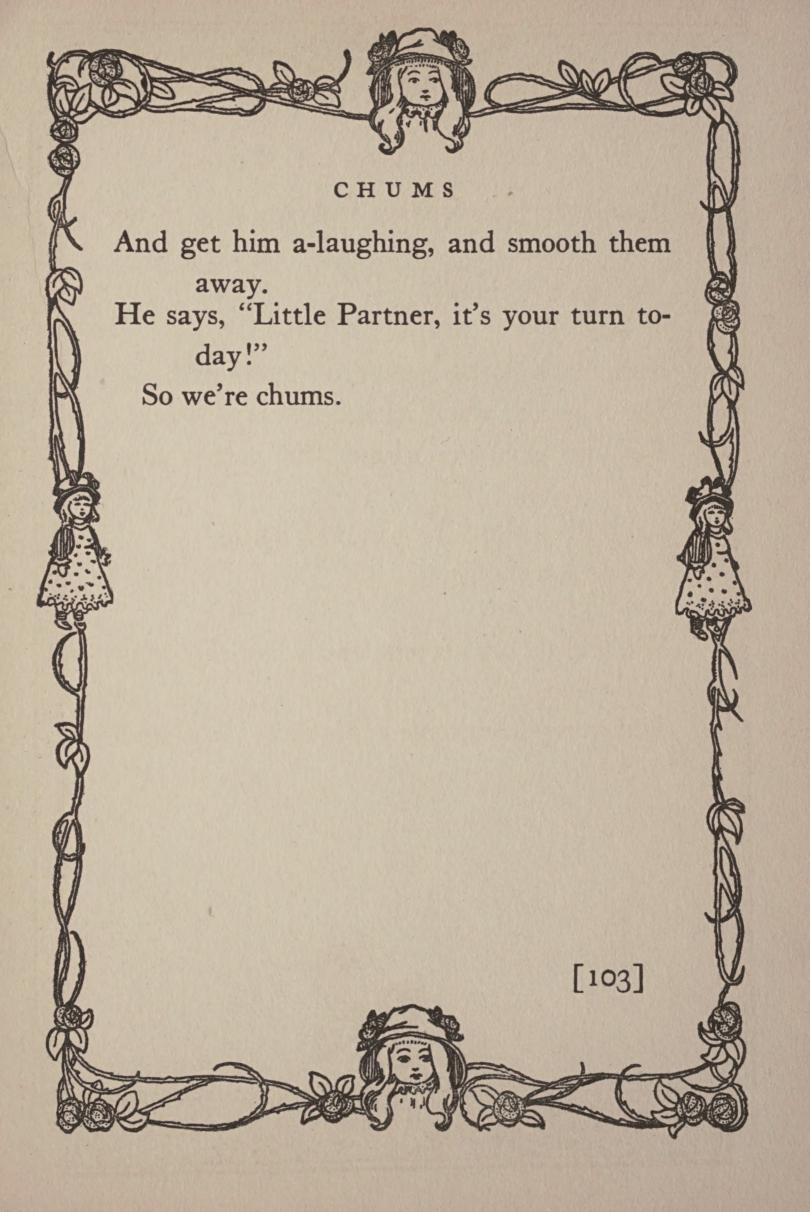
Sometimes mother gets into trouble with me; She tells him about it, and he says, "I see!" His arm gets around me, and pretty soon, then,

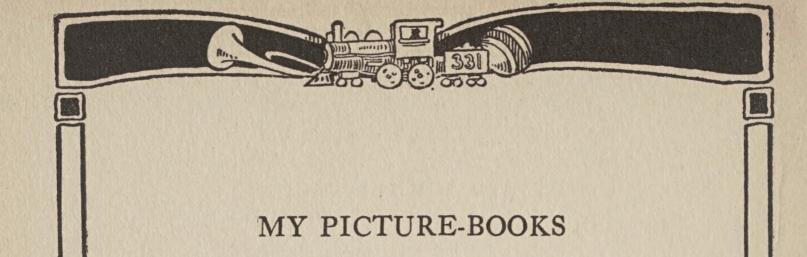
I'm telling him I'll never do it again, 'Cause we're chums.

We tell all our secrets, and when things go bad

And worry-lines come in his face, I look glad

[102]





Y mother says that every day
I'm making picture-books;
They're all about my work and play,

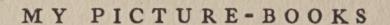
But no one ever looks.

I'm all the one that ever turns
These pages, dark or bright;
And, like a lamp, each picture burns
The clearest when 'tis night.

Sleigh-rides and Christmas trees and all
The lovely winter fun,
And picnics under pine-trees tall—
I see them every one!

[104]

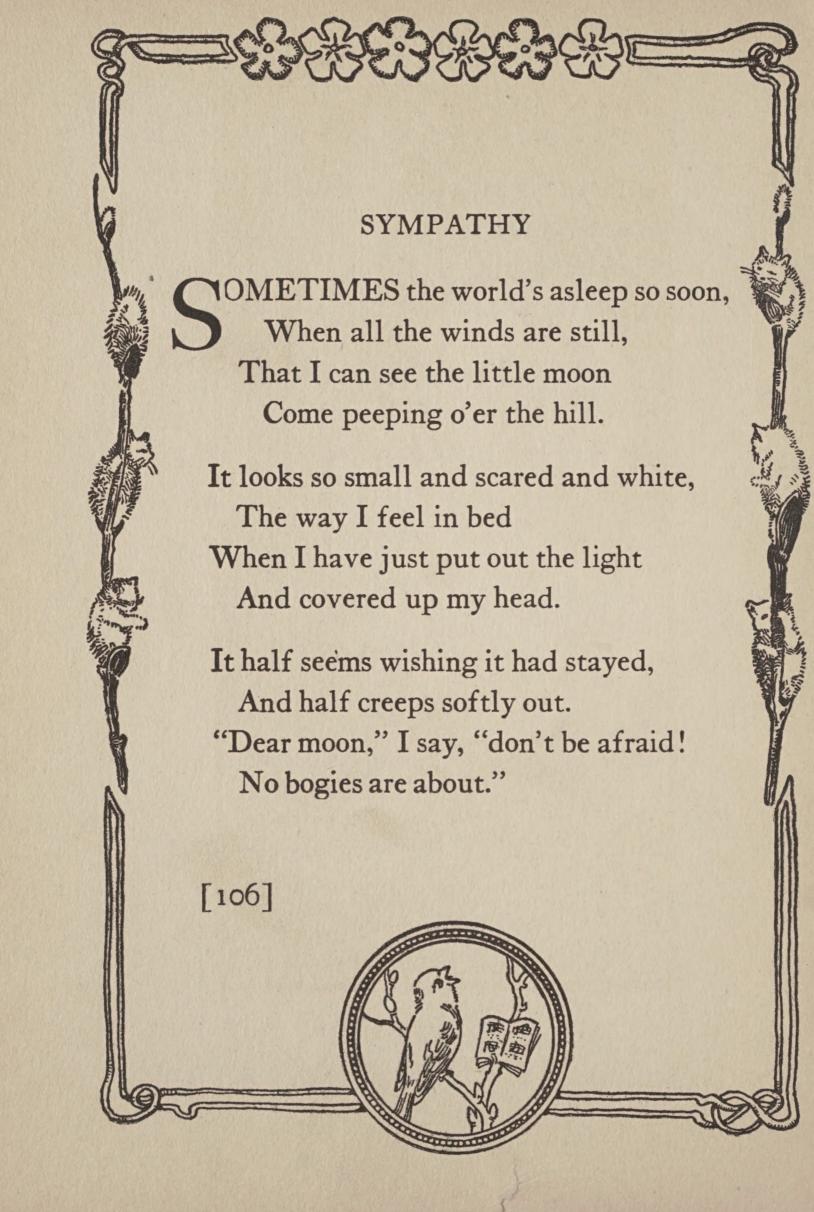




And mother says each picture caught,
That nobody can see,
Is nothing but my happy-thought
That lives inside of me.

She says: "Good night, now, Sleepy-eyes!
I'll turn the light down low,
And see what beautiful surprise
Your Memory-Book will show!"

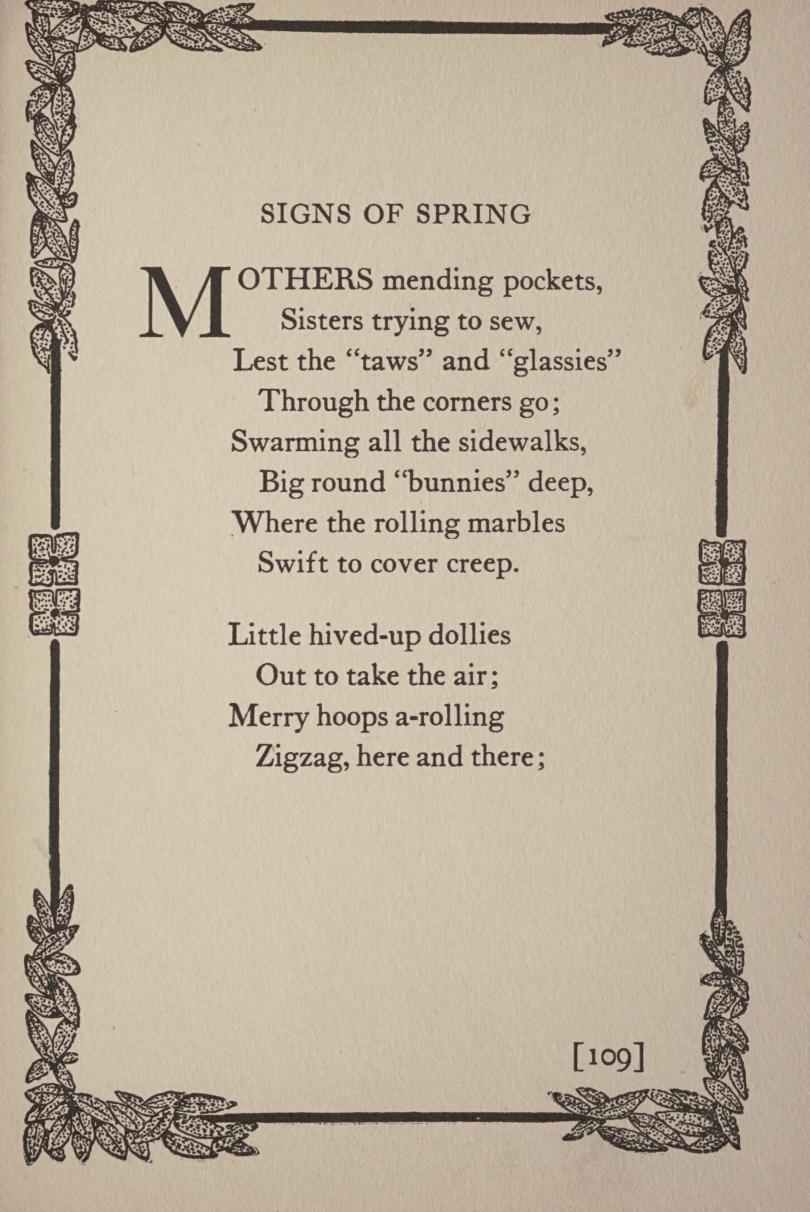


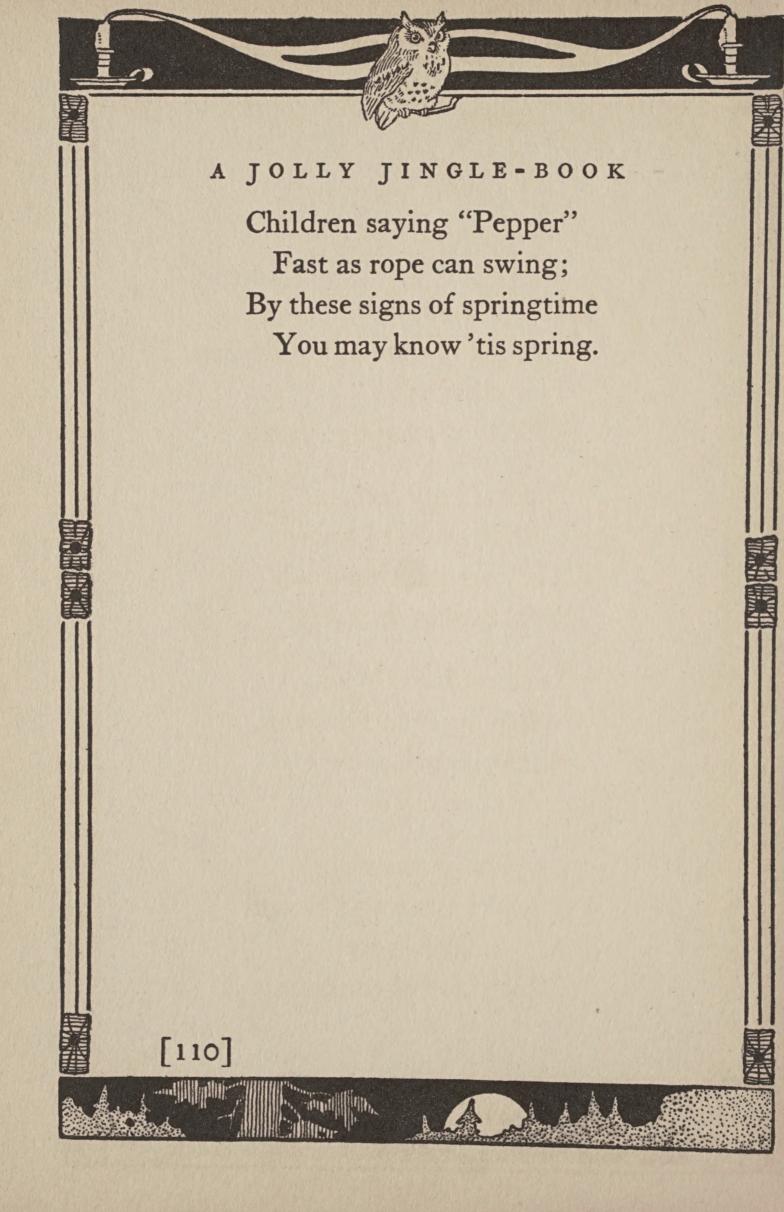


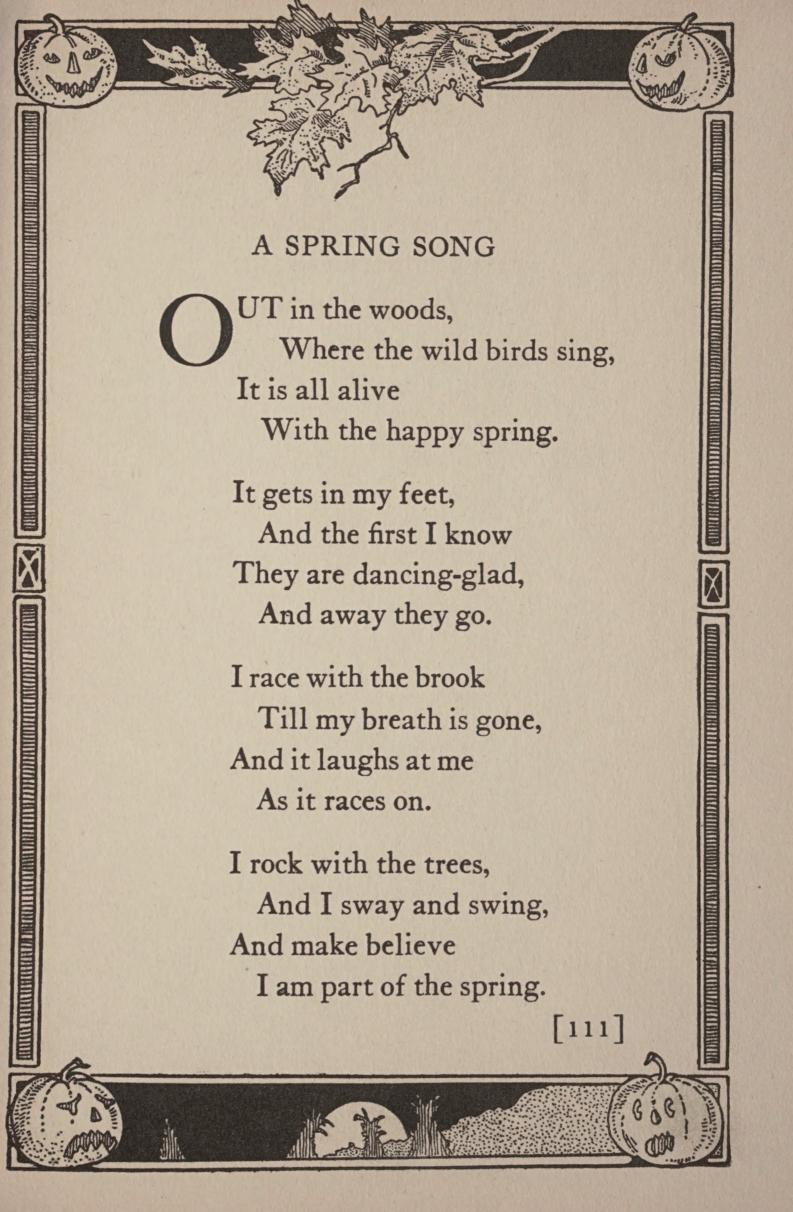


Sympathy











ON THE ROAD TO SCHOOL

TEVER a ribbon or curl,
Ruffle nor ring nor lace,—
A dear little country girl
With a dear little sun-kissed face.

Freckles on cheek and chin,
One on her little nose!
But nobody cares a pin,
For she's sweet as a roadside rose.

Fresh and dewy and sweet,

Never a rose so fair!—

My girl of the dancing feet

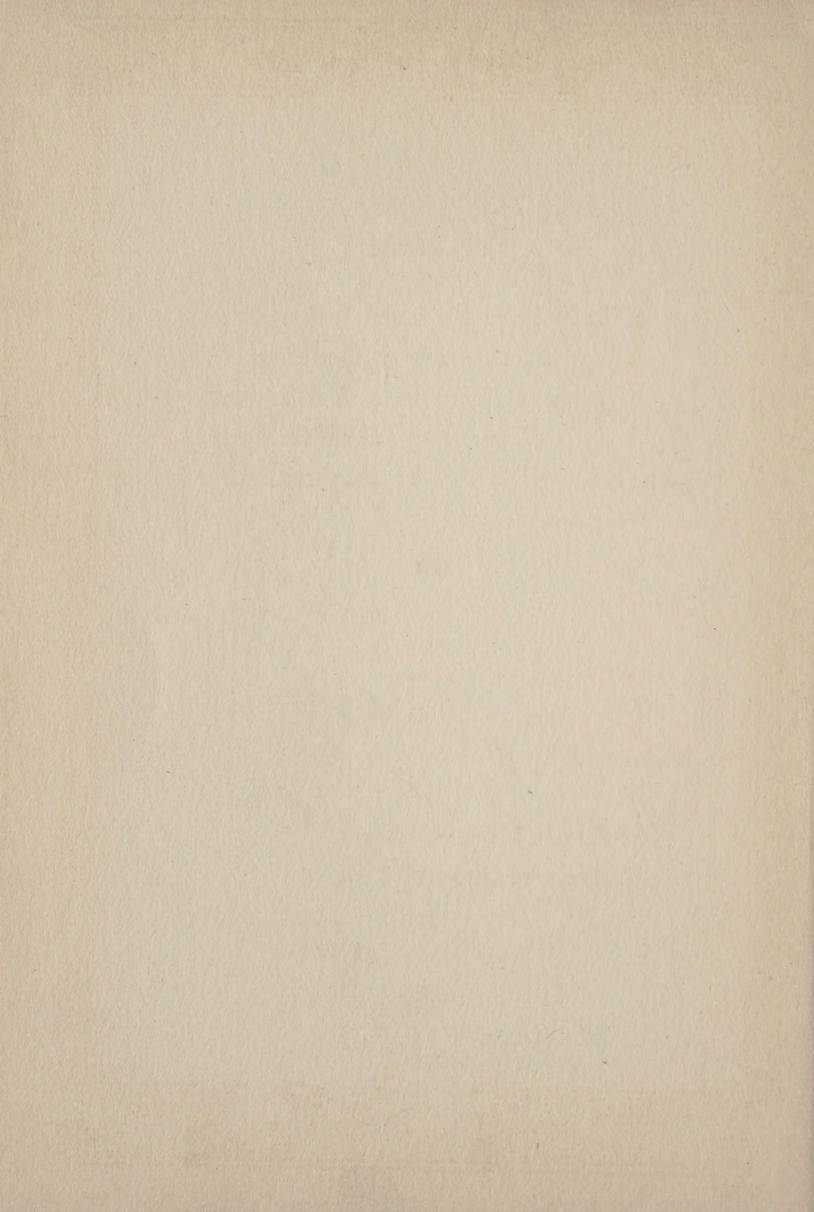
And the sunny, wind-blown hair.

[112]





On the Road to School



THE BROOK

And gay the carpet green,
With dewy webs of lace at morn
Where fairy folk have been;
But oh, the rill's sweet laughter
As it goes leaping by!
It is a little runaway,
As free and glad as I.

The violets in purple,

The cowslips all in gold,

With all their friends have come in troops

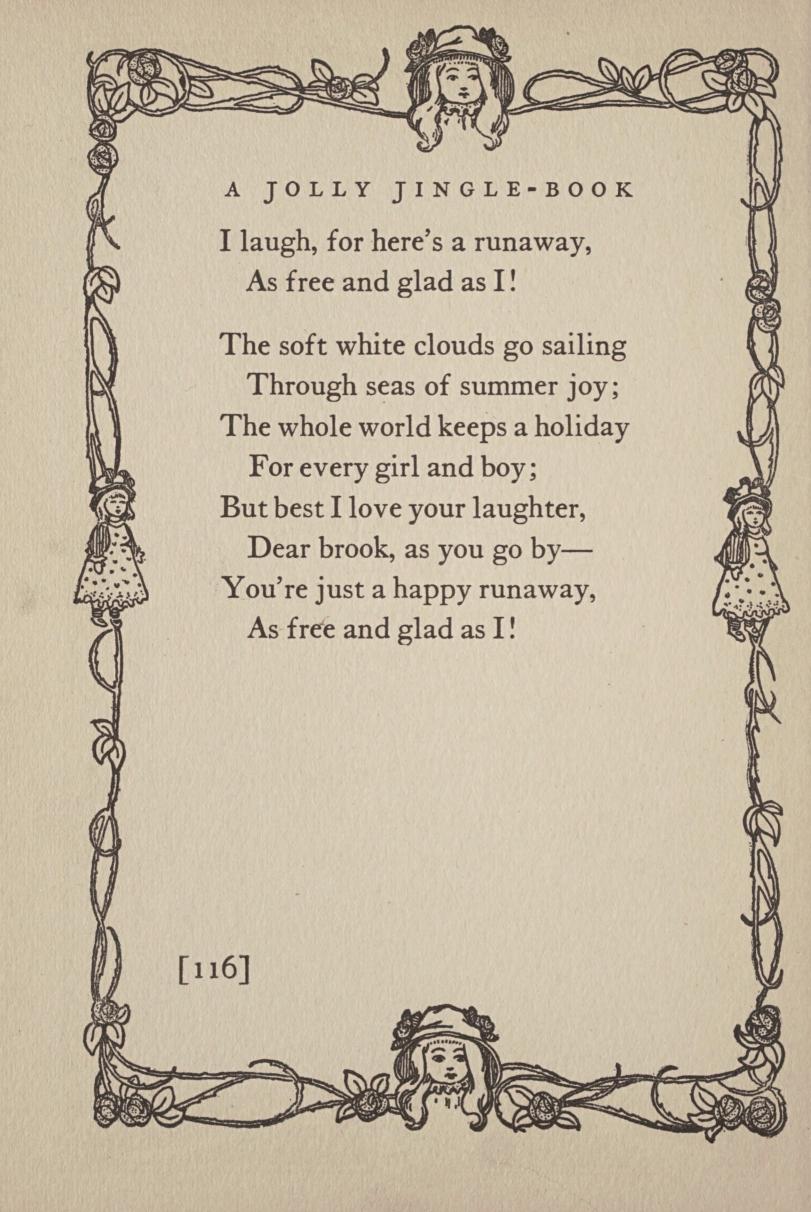
May festival to hold;

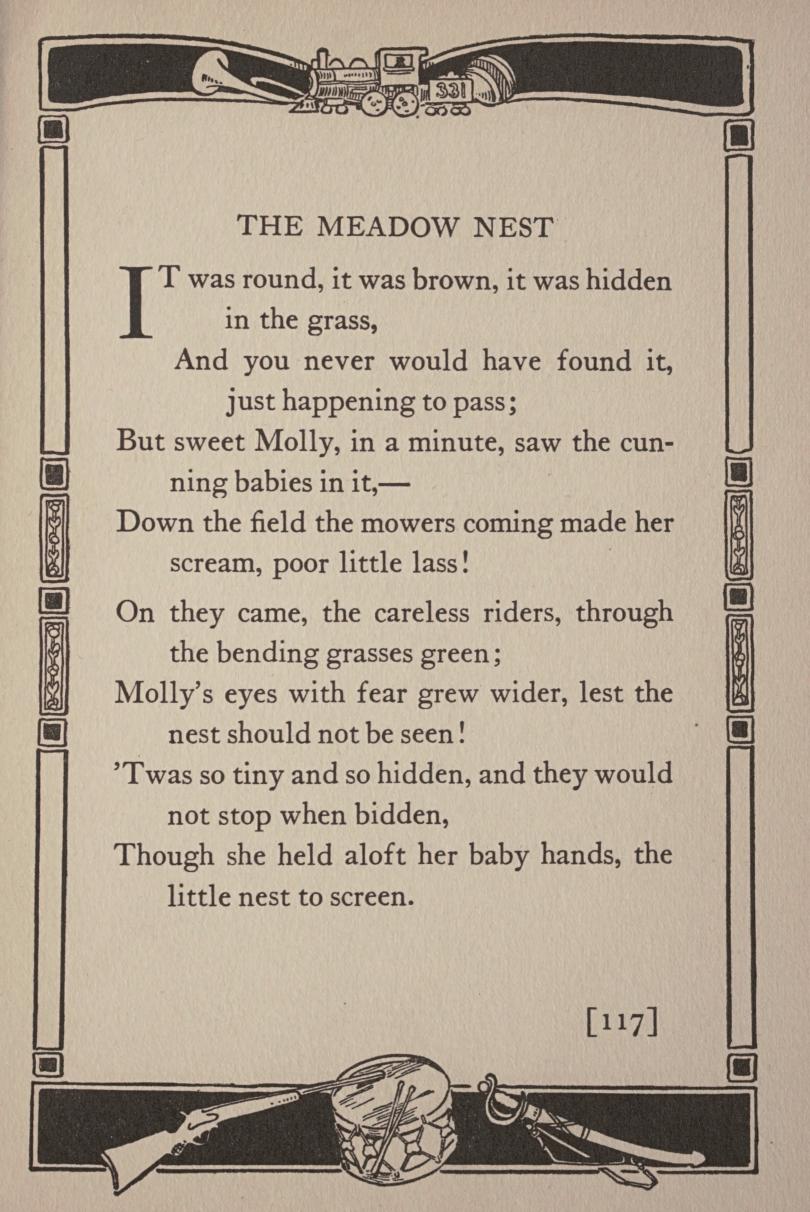
But oh, my little brooklet,

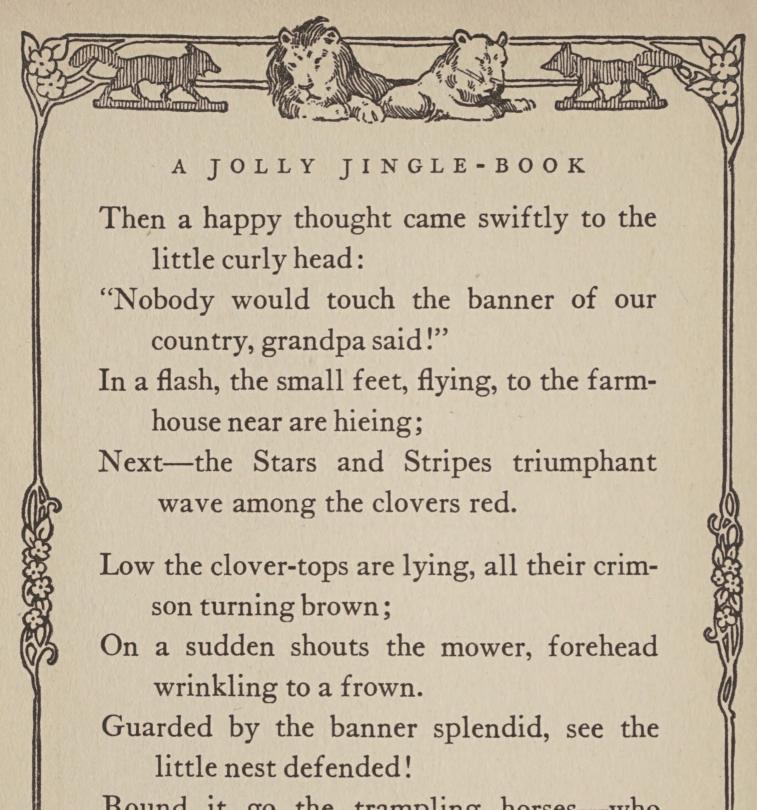
When you come dancing by,

[115]



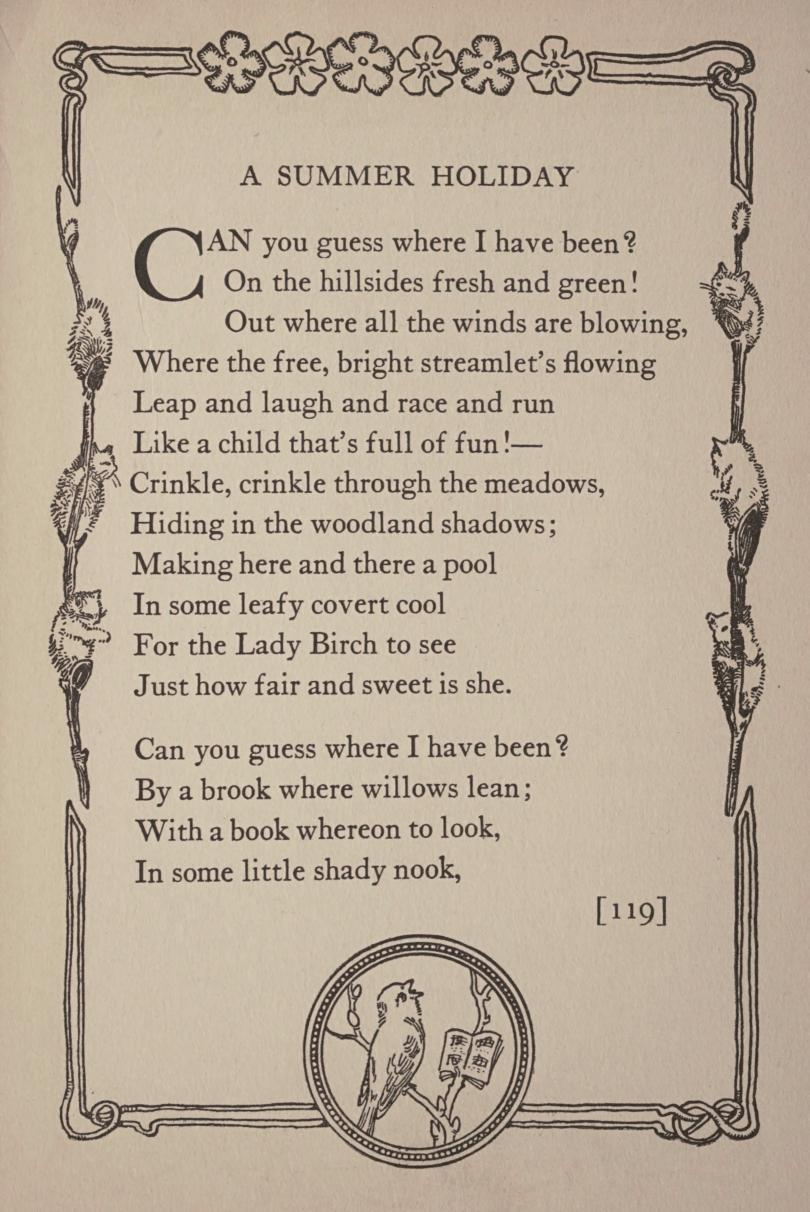


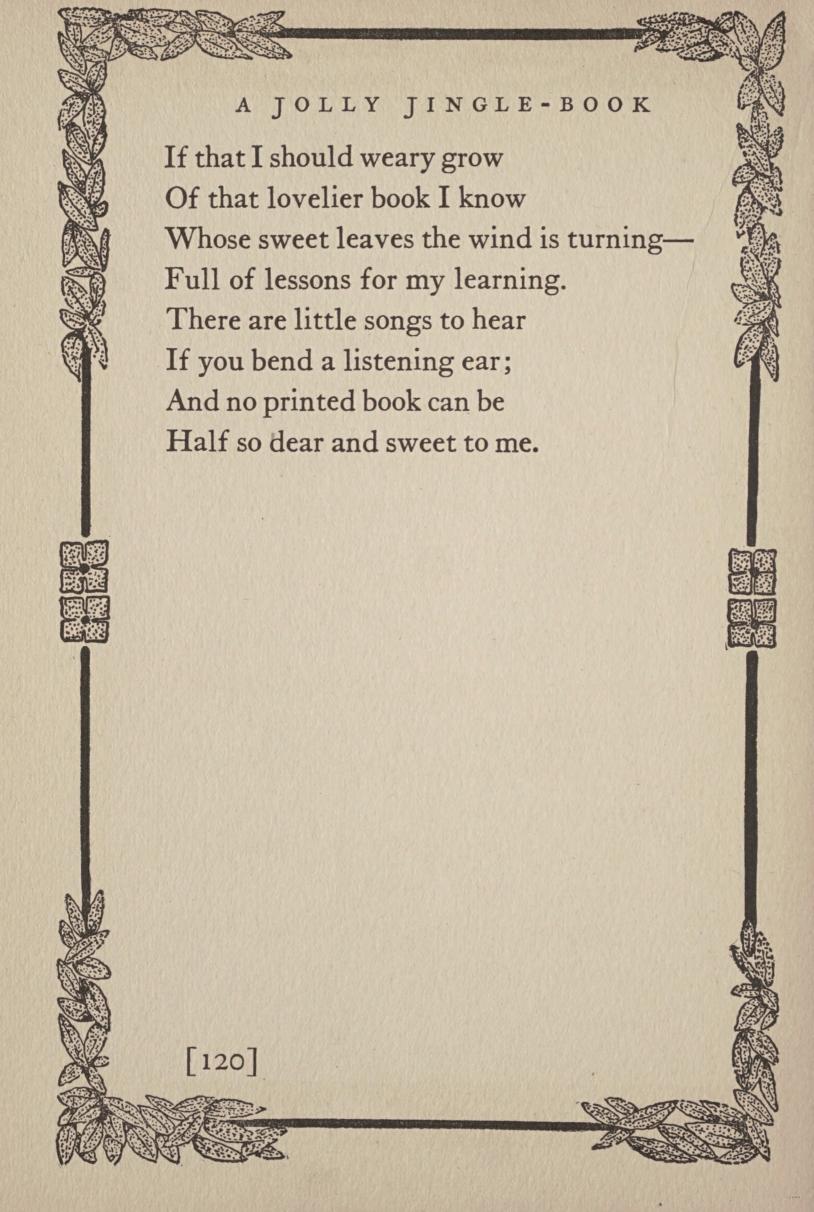




Round it go the trampling horses—who could ride the old Flag down?









A SIGN OF SPRING

HE blue-bird is a-wing; he has heard the call of spring;

And a dozen times this morning I have heard a robin sing;

But I know a sign that's surer, and I see the twinkling feet

Of a score of little children at the corner of the street.

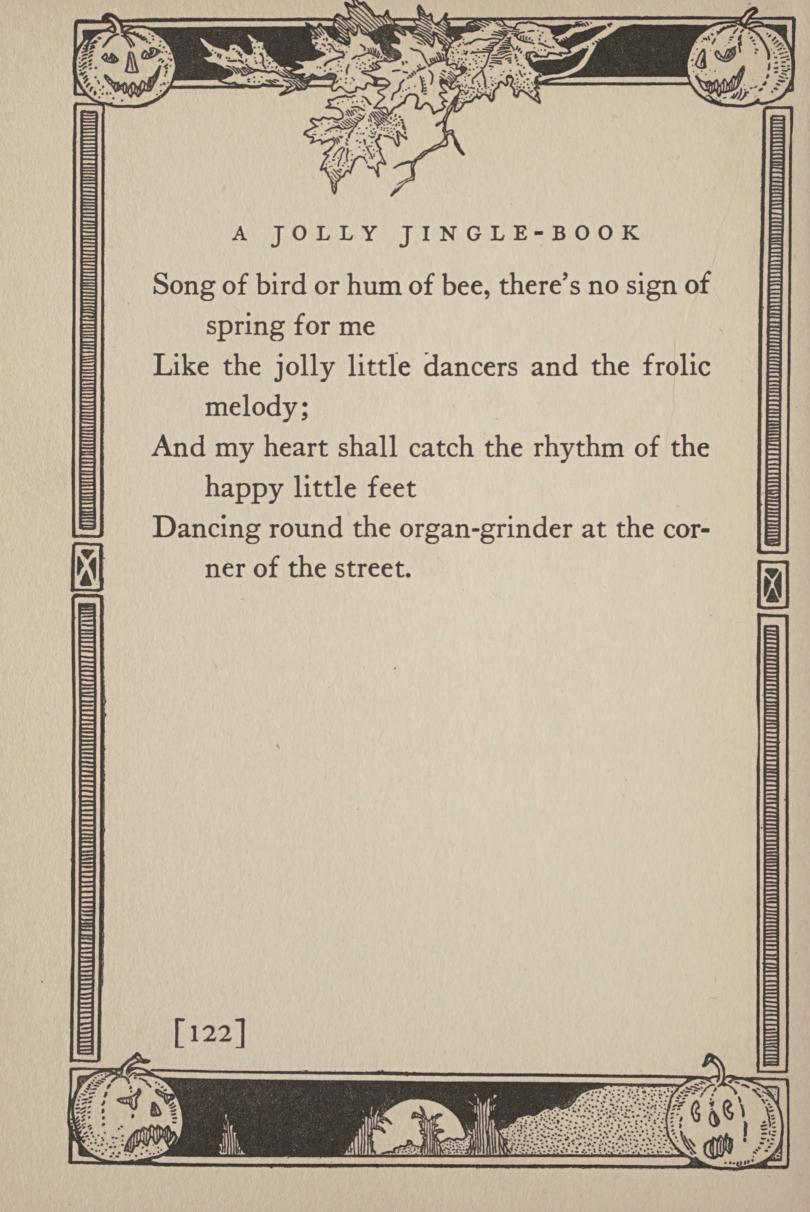
The crocus-bed's abloom; in the shadow of my room

Glows a vase of golden jonquils like a star amid the gloom;

But the sign that's sure and certain is the children's merry feet

Dancing round the organ-grinder at the corner of the street.

[121]







A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

66 TOW who can tell," the teacher said,

"Who the five members be (The one who knows may go to the head) Of the cat family?"

"I guess I know as much as that,"
Cried the youngest child in glee;
"The father cat and the mother cat,
And the baby kittens three!"





THE SLEEPING TREES

T KNOW how the apple-tree went to sleep!

Its fluttering leaves were so tired of play!—

Like frolicsome children when dusk grows deep,

And mother says "Come!" and they gladly creep

To knee and to nest at the end of day.

Its work was all done and it longed to rest;
The reddening apples dropped softly down;

The leaves fell in heaps to the brown earth's breast;

[124]



